

THE
LAUGHABLE
ADVENTURES
OF
CHARLES AND LISETTE;
N
OR, THE
B E A R D S.

TO WHICH IS ADDED, THE
STROLLING STUDENT.

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1796.



CHARLES AND LISETTE;

OR, THE

BEARDS!



AMONG all the charitable institutions which reflect honour on the human heart, are none more praiseworthy than those devoted to the reception and education of Orphans. — In a small town, not far from Naples, is one of these public buildings, where CHARLES and LISETTE, who had been in their infancy unfortunate, were rescued from poverty and ignorance. Being nearly of the same age, and possessing a simila-

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city

city of sentiments, they were scarcely ever asunder. The secrets of Charles were always confided to the bosom of Lisette; while nothing of imagined moment passed in her mind, that she did not impart to Charles. This mutual and perfect adherence to each other's interests, grew up, and took a firmer root, with their increasing years. — At the age of fourteen, being deemed qualified to earn their subsistence, it was necessary that they should make room for others, as unhappily circumstanced as themselves. It was, however, with reluctance that the governors came to this resolution: their aptness at learning; obedience; and steadiness; had procured them universal love and admiration: but, since it was contrary to the rules of the institution, to detain them longer, those under whose immediate care and tuition they had been placed, honoured their pupils with some distinguished marks of that approbation which they had so richly merited;

merited; and which was also adopted as a spur and incitement to others.

A neighbouring Countess wanted, just at this time, a lady's-maid and a cook. Charles and Lifette were offered to her acceptance. 'The one,' said they, 'possesses inimitable skill in the art of preparing dainty dishes: he performs his business with a bewitching nicety. In fact, this young man's capacity far exceeds his years. — The other is meek and officious; agreeable and modest: she has, also, been well instructed in all those duties which she will have to discharge. In fine, the general merit which they both possess, is the best recommendation that can be adduced.'

The Countess, however, paid little attention to these extravagant praises: she knew that good servants frequently came from the house which Charles and

Lisette were about to leave; and therefore engaged them without the smallest hesitation.

During the succeeding five or six years, the Countess discovered no reason to imagine herself imposed on: for her servants belonged not to that murmuring set, who obey with reluctance, and reckon every command a hardship; on the contrary, Charles and Lisette discharged their allotted duties with pleasure and alacrity, and even sought occasions to anticipate their mistress's wishes. Above all, they observed such rules of perfect economy, as if the family expences had proceeded from their own pockets.

At length, the Countess became somewhat uneasy, at perpetually witnessing the love-like harmony which reigned between these two faithful domestics. She therefore, one day, took

an opportunity of speaking to them on the subject: not, however, in the tone of offended haughtiness, and proud superiority, that forces the accused to lying and prevarication; but with that gentleness and moderation, that produces no fearful apprehensions, and extracts the truth, in spite of every endeavour to conceal it. ‘My children,’ said she, ‘that kind of friendship by which you are united, has given me no considerable disturbance, on your account. — It is yet an infantile passion: you are now as pure, as when fashioned by the hand of Nature; and yet do you love each other already! — You believe, that you are merely following a natural and innocent stimulus, without perceiving the attendant mischiefs that may result. The dictates of Nature, being powerful, must be checked by Reason; and, with a view to accelerate your future happiness, I will endeavour to remove the film from

your eyes. — Often are young folks, of your age, highly reprehensible; at a time, too, when they are strangers to vice. It is possible, that you are not destined for each other, and that the first impulses of love, on one side or the other, will degenerate into disgust, or be transferred to some other object. What, then, the situation of him, or her, who may be thus deserted, still retaining all the vehemence of an ardent passion? The poison of all future tranquillity; an indifference to the pleasures and duties of life; and, perhaps, an untimely death. — You, Lisette, not dreaming of danger, may suffer your tender partiality to exceed the bounds of discretion. How dangerous to possess an innocent heart, with your inexperience! — Admitting that you forgot yourself in the arms of Charles — for a moment lost sight of your virtuous resolutions! — what might be the consequence of tender

'tender protestations, adapted to injure
 'and deceive! Dishonour, and univer-
 'sal contempt! — The way to avoid
 'these impending mischiefs is, to keep
 'more generally asunder. Above all,
 'to refrain from those secret conversa-
 'tions, in which you may fatally de-
 'light: for it is the too common prac-
 'tice of men -- it is inherent in their na-
 'tures --- to promise all which may ac-
 'celerate their ungenerous designs. —
 'The female mind is but too general-
 'ly disposed to believe each artful
 'and alluring tale: and hence originates
 'those manifold distresses, which over-
 'whelm our sex, and disgrace the
 'other.'

'My lady,' answered Charles, in-
 'genuously, 'Lisette and I have expe-
 'rienced the same misfortunes: one
 'common lot, from the first moments of
 'existence, made us acquainted, in that
 'charitable asylum which received us.
 'The

TO CHARLES AND LISETTE:

The unity of circumstances, harmonised our minds; as we love at present, so have we always loved; with an honourable affection. We live, it is true, for one another: the will of Lisette has, on me, the force of a law. In her company, I am awed into reverence. I never attempt any indecorous liberties; never indulge any idea, calculated to undermine the foundations of her virtue. I esteem, I love her. It is impossible for me to effect the dishonour of Lisette, without equally participating in the consequent disgrace.

This open-hearted declaration, these generous sentiments of Charles, effectually removed the apprehensions of the Countess, who had anticipated the ruin of her favourite Lisette. She trusted, that two such lovers, so innocent and faithful, would continue to keep the carnal appetites in subjection.

Thus

Thus was every-one in this house as happy and contented, as they could reasonably expect or desire. The lady boasted of her sensible, diligent, and harmonious domestics; while these congratulated themselves, on having obtained the service of so mild and praise-worthy a mistress, and who appeared so warmly interested in their welfare.

There are, however, beings in the world, apparently born to render miserable their fellow-creatures; who delight in occasioning family discord, and the interruption of happiness, wherever it may reign. — A brother of the Countess, lately returned from his travels, came about this time to pass the summer with her, accompanied by a young gentleman whom he highly esteemed. This youth was experienced in the villainous arts of seduction. He never saw innocence, or beauty, without wishing to betray and to defile it. By turns, was he

ena-

enamoured of the whole sex ; so light and so fickle was his disposition. No sooner had he seen Lisette than, as usual in such cases, he was plunged into an excess of love : all his felicity seemed to depend on the possession of this charming damsel. The report, however, of her consummate virtue, constrained him to act with unusual circumspection : he deemed it inexpedient to waste the moments in deceitful protestations ; nor had he much to expect from the application of presents, which he imagined would be indignantly returned. As an able General, he previously weighed the chances of defeat, resolving to postpone the attack till success promised to crown his advances. To the adoption of stratagem or force, he was alike indifferent, seeing that corruption was inadequate to the purpose.

Lisette had long taken upon herself the task of watering a beautiful bed of flowers,

flowers, in which her lady delighted; and, unfortunately, the garden was situated a considerable distance from the house. Alberoni, who failed not to notice this circumstance, made those arrangements which he thought the emergency of the case demanded; and fixed upon a day for the accomplishment of his villainous intentions.

Lifette, ignorant of danger, repaired, that inauspicious evening, to discharge her accustomed duty: she took the water-pot in her hand, and was giving new animation to the sun-scorched rose, when two hirelings, who were concealed behind an adjacent tree, suddenly carried her off---having stuffed a handkerchief into her mouth, to prevent alarm---and placed their captive in a vehicle that had been purposely provided. Lifette, falling into a swoon, was incapable of resistance; and she continued insensible till after her arrival in Naples, when

when she found herself extended on a costly bed, which was placed in a most elegant apartment. At first, she conceived herself in a dream; her eyes were dazzled by the magnificence of every surrounding object; her head became giddy; she was lost in thought. In order to determine, if it were an illusion of the senses, or not, she arose from her reclining posture, and found that she was in reality awake. Alberoni appeared at this moment. 'You are astonished, Miss,' said he, 'at the adventure which has just occurred: but I hope you will be more at peace when I impart the origin of all.'

'Whatever may be the cause,' answered Lisette, 'you have acted most barbarously! — What right have you to command over my lot? to steal me from a mistress, to whom I am firmly attached? — Have you not, unfeelingly, infringed the most sacred of rights?'

‘rights? Those of honour, friendship,
‘and hospitality! — Give me again
‘that freedom which you have unjustly
‘invaded. This, Sir, you cannot re-
‘fuse, without being stigmatised as the
‘most unworthy of men.’

‘Divine maid!’ cried Alberoni,
‘I beseech you to hear me. — I will
‘allow the reasonableness of your anger,
‘while you remain ignorant of my mo-
‘tives. Permit me to disclose them.
‘— I was struck with compassion, on
‘seeing the servility of your state; you,
‘who were created to shine in a more
‘resplendent sphere of life. There is
‘a something in your sweet person, which
‘declares, that you were destined to play
‘a more capital part. — I have provi-
‘ded this apartment for your reception;
‘where you will find every necessary,
‘and perhaps every pleasure. Here
‘shall you command. — This is my
‘crime. I await your sentence. —

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‘I have

‘ I have snatched your merits from oblivion: I have performed no more than my duty. The employment in which I beheld you, disgraced your understanding, and your beauty. — Am I now so detestable, charming Lisette? Will you not seal my pardon with that sweet mouth? and reward my solicitudes, by suffering me to repose on that delightfully swelling bosom, formed for the embraces of a celestial?’

‘ I am not to be deceived,’ answered Lisette, ‘ by your flattery and pretences. It is a fine colouring to the foulest of purposes; the common language which you employ on all such occasions. The station that I held was adequate to my birth — You know it — and that is sufficiently illustrious, distinguished as my life has been, and ever shall be, by untainted morals, and irreproachable virtue. — You do not conceal the hostile
‘ de-

‘ designs which are aimed to rob me of
‘ all that a female can estimate as valuable;
‘ ble; which she ought to preserve,
‘ at the risk of existence. — Once
‘ more, I entreat to be taken back to
‘ my mistress.’

Alberoni was somewhat disconcerted at the resolute tone of his captive fair-one: he perceived, that the transition from virtue to licentiousness could not occur in a moment; and this debauchee had conceived too refined an idea of pleasure, to command her obedience. ‘ I must interest the passions,’ thought he, ‘ or I lose the delights of victory!’ Alberoni, therefore, resolved to wait a more favourable opportunity; and, in the mean time, loaded his prisoner with innumerable presents; rich silks, jewels, all he could devise or procure, that was adapted to soften and seduce the heart of an innocent female. He vigilantly watched her every motion, fearing she

would either escape, or convey an intimation to the Countess, that might frustrate his hopes.

Since the invention of gunpowder, if we may credit a certain modern heroine, there is no unconquerable fortress, however strong, or ably defended. — The regular and judicious approaches, which Alberoni made towards the bribed sentinels of Lisette's chastity, considerably weakened the citadel. 'Alas!' thought she, 'of what utility is my 'perseverance? Here I remain, an unwilling captive! And who knows 'when my imprisonment will terminate! '— I am unable to break these fetters: they are, as iron durable. Every 'avenue is guarded. I cannot escape 'from the spoiler's hands. Perhaps, 'in a short time, tired with opposition, '—fruitless, unavailing opposition— 'he will resort to violence. No doubt 'but compulsion will close the scene.

' If,

‘ If, then, I cannot avoid impending
‘ ruin, what signify the means by which
‘ it is effected? — I must refrain.....
‘ Refrain! ——— Miserable Lifette!
‘ what will then become of your faith-
‘ ful adorer, of your Charles? — How
‘ could I, without trembling, admit the
‘ criminal idea of becoming false to my
‘ vows! — I shall no longer be worthy
‘ of his love — What a sorrowful con-
‘ dition is mine! I see nothing but
‘ quicksands and rocks on every side.
‘ My virtue and innocence are surpris’d
‘ by a storm, that defies the skill of the
‘ pilot.’ ———

Lifette was already criminal, in the
midst of her virtuous computations.
She confided too much on the impossibi-
lity of resistance: she knew not that a
guardian angel presides over virtue. —
It was sufficient, that she intended to
escape; that the hopes of defence were
cut off. These considerations, in her

slender opinion, fully justified that acquiescence which she had planned. The truth, however, was, that lofty ideas of grandeur and independence had perverted the dictates of honour. She longed to shine in those superb dresses, and those costly ornaments, which Alberoni had heaped on her in profusion. ‘And who knows,’ thought she, ‘but he may make me his wife! — Charles is a milk-sop compared to Alberoni, who apart from his wickedness, is really a charming gentleman. He looks so languishing and persuasive, is so gentle, so gay, and good-natured, that one cannot help loving the deceiver. — Ah! me, how flexible and unsteady are virgin resolutions! — Unhappy Charles! I begin to think, with the Countess, that we were not destined for each other: and, if that be the case, how ridiculous to strive against fate! — My stars are more faulty than I.’

Albero-

Alberoni quickly experienced the effects of this private consultation, in which the sensual passions too fatally preponderated. On the first visit after, he found a new created Lisette: she no more raved for liberty, nor invoked the gods to her aid; no longer seemed disdainful of the soul-thrilling kiss; no longer withheld her tumultuous, alabaster bosom from his extatic embraces: no more did she studiously conceal, from his enraptured contemplation, those globular beauties, which Venus herself would have envied; the symmetry of which no painter ever delineated; no sculptor, either ancient or modern, ever formed; or youthful poet feigned. Alberoni's rapture scarcely surpassed his astonishment; these were moments that exceeded his fondest expectations. He attempted to improve the advantages which female frailty presented; when Lisette assumed an air of displeasure, which changed into a flood of tears: she

she fobbed, as if her heart would break.
‘ My angel !’ cried Alberoni, ‘ from
‘ whence proceed these piercing lamen-
‘ tations ? — Do I not love you as ve-
‘ hemently as ever ? And if I have
‘ omitted any thing, that can yet contri-
‘ bute to your happiness, you have only
‘ to command.’ ‘ Of your present
‘ regards,’ answered Lisette, ‘ I enter-
‘ tain not the smallest doubt. It is
‘ the natural inconstancy of men, that
‘ excites my apprehension ; that gives
‘ me alarm. — If I am all that you re-
‘ present ; if you love me so ardently ;
‘ if happiness, nay existence itself, de-
‘ pend on my smiles ; I will smile on
‘ you for ever — as a Wife !’

‘ Can you suppose,’ answered Al-
beroni, ‘ that I harboured any other in-
‘ tention ? — I meant to surprise you
‘ with the offer, when confident that
‘ your heart was prepared to return my
‘ affection. — Give me this trifling
‘ proof

‘ proof of partiality in my favour; let
‘ us anticipate the joys, the delights of
‘ Hymen; and leave the less interesting
‘ ceremonies till to-morrow. It is a
‘ sacrifice proportioned to the sincerity
‘ of my love; a sacrifice which will
‘ exalt you to that rank in which such
‘ an assemblage of loveliness was de-
‘ stined to move.’

Lifette's anger, which by no means proceeded from the heart, quickly dissipated, on receiving these flimsy assurances. They served to allay those scruples of conscience which yet remained; and to accelerate the criminal purposes of inclination and nature. — She, however, continued to capitulate, while the fortress was surrendering; and the enemy triumphed, ere the articles were signed.

The sensual indulgences which succeeded, from day to day, effectually
destroy-

destroyed the contract of *to-morrow*!

— To-morrow and to-morrow never came; while voluptuousness, mirth, and indolence, completely vitiated the mind of the charming Lisette. She no longer sighed to re-assume her station with the Countess; nor adverted to the constancy of Charles.

So strong is the influence of vice, on a mind unfortified to resist the passions, that frailty ascribes those indiscretions to fate which simply result from approving inclination. If dangerous circumstances occur, there is no merit in giving up the hopes of deliverance: for when the boundaries of honour and innocence are once invaded, those errors that even originate against the will, too often become habitual.

While Lisette revelled in the pleasures of licentiousness, at the expence of her chastity, Charles became a pitiable victim

victim to the sorrows of disappointed constancy: nor was the Countess much less disturbed. When Lifette failed to return, as usual, from the garden, universal consternation prevailed. Charles ran wildly through the arbours, the orchard, and the adjoining meadows; and called on his favourite mistress, till the vallies echoed his lamentable cries.—No Lifette was there, to answer the hoarse melody of the faithfullest of lovers. He approached the fish-pond, pale and trembling, and watched every rising bubble, with anxiety and trepidation; hoping, yet fearing, to discover some symptom of her dear remains.

The mystery, however, was at length cleared up. Alberoni had suddenly disappeared; and some of the Countess's tenants informed her, that they saw him drive off with a young woman who greatly resembled Lifette. This information removed the doubts
in

in which Charles had been involved, without affording him the smallest consolation. To hear that his innocent lamb had fallen into the devouring jaws of a wolf, was more grievous than the idea of seeing her pale face emerge from the waters! Racks, torments, and despair, assailed his agitated bosom.

In this dreadful condition, Charles, having lost all appetite himself, became wholly indifferent to that of his mistress: his dishes were new, and destitute of flavour. He perceived his incapacity; and, one day, exclaimed to the Countess — ‘ Ah! my much-honoured lady! I can no longer discharge the duties of my office. Lisette is in the arms of another! Lisette, whom I loved more than myself; whom I adored from the first dawn of reason. — We had resolved to solicit your approbation to our union, when the treacherous Alberoni ravished her from my embraces. All

“All my hopes fled in a moment; halt
 our plans of future felicity annihilated
 when they seemed most prosperous
 — I am sick of the world; and, with
 your permission, William, will retire
 from its snares; I have been
 —”

“Be not comfortless,” replied the
 Countess. “Perhaps my brother, who
 is indefatigable in his researches, will
 discover the perfidious Alberosi, and
 compel him to restore you to life.”
 “And you? —”
 “I am not of the creed of Poverty; —
 my lady,” said Charles,
 “she will then be lighted with my ac-
 ceptance. The ravisher will either
 force or persuade her to administer to
 his wants. Oh! how glorious a thought!
 Yes, my resolution is taken! —
 I will become a Papist; — the globe
 — the globe of those who send to these
 — in vain were the further entreaties
 of his mistress; Charles, nevertheless, had
 signed his employment, and was on the
 —”

road leading to Naples; turned into the first cloister which he saw; and prayed humbly to be admitted as a brother. 'I can,' said he to the Pater Guardian, 'ably discharge the duties of the kitchen; I have been habituated to labour.'—

'That is extremely good,' answered the Guardian. 'But where is your gift?' 'Gift!' exclaimed Charles. 'Is money then requisite, to embrace the creed of Poverty?—And you, my Pater, who have so long been at variance with the glittering baubles of this world, would you receive it?'—'On no account!' he replied. 'Our hands never touch that impure metal; that source of discord, that overturns the globe which supports us. We have people who attend to these unholy affairs.' 'All my ability,' said Charles, 'consists in a hundred crowns, which I had collected for a dis-

* different purpose. If that is sufficient, I will readily disburse —

These words removed every difficulty. Charles was permitted to cloath

himself in the livery of the holy Franciscans, and made cook to the cloister,

It happened, that the first day was to determine his merits, and to apportion the future esteem of the brethren. Just

then a new Prior had been chosen; in consequence of which a feast must be provided for the whole cloister. The

new brother Charles surpassed their most sanguine expectations. Never before

had the Capuchins been so gloriously regaled; and they warmly felicitated each other on the fortunate acquisition of so valuable a member.

It is the lot of those who possess moderate capacities, to be buried in the country till their conceptions expand;

but exalted talents must shine in the great world.—The services of brother Charles were by no means overlooked; his fame resounded in Naples; to which city he was summoned by the Provincial.

An actor, on a great theatre, who beholds a splendid assemblage of beauty and fashion display more ability, art, and sprightliness, than when exhibiting in a village barn, to a crowd of rustics.—So was it with brother Charles; who having, in Naples, displayed his pre-eminence as a monk, shewed that he was qualified to undertake a more weighty employment. The liveliness which

reigned in the city, infused new spirits into the mind of our young Capuchin; in a month, he became wholly transformed. He petitioned to begin the metropolis; and, receiving full powers, shortly excelled all his predecessors, never returning with an empty pocket. A man who thus understood the art of

consecrating corn under the ass, was entitled to the most unbounded praise; the brotherhood viewed him as a pillar to the cloister; as a protecting angel sent them from heaven.

The members of this cloister being pretty numerous, our new brother ran not the smallest risk of wanting employment. One day, wandering in a remote quarter of the city, he observed a magnificent palace, which had hitherto escaped his attention. 'The lord of this mansion,' thought Charles, 'cannot be otherwise than rich. I will strive to obtain an interview. — Who's afraid?' He accordingly marched up to the door; when a well-fed porter bluntly dismissed him, by saying, his mistress was out. Our cloister-jackal, by no means intimidated, repaired there a second time; and walked unceremoniously into the house, without stating any question, as if he had been an old acquaintance whose bu-

finess would not admit of delay. He knocked gently at the door of a grand apartment, and cried yet more gently, 'AVE MARIA!' The door was opened by a servant, who declared that her lady was gone to the city. The good brother, notwithstanding, continued to persevere. 'I have been assured by the porter,' said he, 'that she is now in the house; and that she affably receives those Monks of my order, that solicit for charity.'

This reasonable lie produced the desired effect. Flavia, being informed of the circumstance, gave orders that the holy beggar should be admitted into her presence. Brother Charles felt somewhat abashed, as he trod along the polished marble floors, through two elegant fore-chambers; and, when he reached a third apartment, more richly ornamented than all the rest, his trepidation greatly increased. At length, he entered the

the room where Flavia was sitting. —
 ‘Madam,’ said he to her, casting his
 eyes on the floor, ‘the necessities of our
 cloister compel me to become burden-
 some. Your ladyship’s benevolence,
 being universally talked of, and com-
 mended, I have presumed to flatter my-
 self that you will admit our Fathers
 to a participation, in common with the
 rest of mankind.’

What brother Charles had merely
 conjectured, nevertheless, turned out to
 be true: Flavia indeed possessed a com-
 passionating heart; seldom, or ever,
 turning a deaf ear to the distresses of
 those who implored her charity. She
 accordingly crossed our mendicant’s hand
 with two crowns, who received them
 without making the smallest acknow-
 ledgment, according to the invariable
 custom of his order; and, fully satisfied
 with the good effects of this unprece-
 dented act of assurance, marched off,
 regard-

regardless of this benevolent lady's exquisite charms.

Eight days were scarcely elapsed, before brother Charles paid Flavia another visit. He now observed less ceremony than before, proceeding to the door of her apartment without waiting for the formality of being announced. He knocked gently; when Flavia, who was momentarily expecting a rich, but superannuated gallant, in an attitude calculated to arouse the dormant passions, as gently cried, "Come in!" Our good brother, seeing this lady's peculiar situation, was confirmed in his idea of her extensive liberality. He felt himself braver than ever; and, glancing from one beauty to another — where even *fig-leaf* did not intervene — he, in the same instant, consulted the face of this fair voluptuary, which was wholly crimsoned with shame. In defiance of this unmannerly intrusion; or of the efforts:

sorts, which Flavia made to escape into
 a closet; he continued to stare her in the
 face, and absolutely cut off the distressed
 chamber's retreat, in order the better to
 satisfy his curiosity. Presently, the
 heart of brother Charles began to beat
 in a strange and tumultuous manner;
 the bag, in which he deposited the dona-
 tions, fell out of his hands, over his face
 appeared a deadly paleness; his lips
 quivered; his eyes lost the lustre of ani-
 mation. 'What ails you, brother?'
 cried Flavia, not a little disturbed.—
 'Are you unwell?' But our poor
 disciple of the Holy Franciscus had
 nearly lost the powers of articulation; he
 made no answer to these friendly enqui-
 ries; although, as yet, he could distin-
 guish the purport of her words. Flavia,
 therefore, opened a door, which led into
 a bed-room, in order to fetch some re-
 storatives; when the good brother, by
 this means, discerning a bed at no great
 distance, rambled after the lady, and
 threw

threw himself on the bare sackings — for the bed had been placed, that very morning, at a window, for the benefit of the air — before she was aware of his design. Here the thunderstruck Franciscan totally lost every recollection of his mortal toil. In fact, Flavia in reality, thought him gone for ever: but still conceived it her duty to try the influence of an approved collection of smelling-bottles, which she had opportunely at hand. Vain and ineffectual, however, were her endeavours; the patient continued immovable and motionless. — What an alarming predicament! — To what holy one could this poor lady address herself! — She dared not call her servants, to witness the scene, as not knowing what they might surmise. A lazy Capuchin Friar to be thus found in the apartment of a woman like Flavia, would quickly furnish a subject for scandal; and this good lady was already sufficiently famous. — As

she

she stood, in the depth of deliberation, a knock at the front-door, which was just distinguishable, excited her fears, that the lover whom she had been expecting, was now arrived. Losing therefore every consideration for the safety of her holy visitor, she now thought simply of her own. For this purpose, Flavia, who, in her youth, had not been unaccustomed to labour, threw the bed completely over brother Charles's body, and proceeded, with no inconsiderable expedition, to lay on the other appendages. Fortunately, Flavia completed her arrangements the very moment that her friend entered the room, which she had quitted. Seeing the sleeping-room door open, he directly made towards it as his mistress was tranquillising her countenance to meet him.

The previous exertions which Flavia had just made, diffused a glowing warmth over her whole body, which gave

38 CHARLES AND LISETTE:

gave new animation to the beauties of nature, that yet were unconcealed. She was not indeed in *pura naturalibus*: for a fash was fastened round her waist, and on her legs were a pair of elegant fine stockings; agreeable to the fancy of this great man, who came conformably to his appointment. — As we hinted before, this elderly gentleman stood in need of stimulatives; and the smallest variation from accustomed forms, or situations, will sometimes produce a renovation of the shrinking faculties, especially when the *disposed* have not resorted to the most desperate class of remedies. So the unusually heaving bosom of Plavia; the crimson tinge on her fair skin, occasioned by uncommon exercise; added to the agency with which she ran into the arms of her admirer, in order to conceal an evident state of confusion; instantly effected a revolution in the course of his ideas, to which an hour's amorous discourse had been incompetent. The

more

more, therefore, Flavia endeavoured to draw him from the room, the more did he incline towards the bed; till, unpleasant to say, brother Charles's life—if life he yet had—was in the most imminent danger!

Although the cavity of the thorax, instead of being dilated and contracted in respiration by nine and twenty pair of muscles, had been furnished with as many thousand, it is more than probable that our smothering Friar had fallen a victim to the wind which, in a narrow compass, was now confined in his body, if it had not, by the many violent acts of compressure, found a passage into the small intestines, and from thence proceeded, through the Cæcum and Colon, to the Rectum, from whence it happily evaporated, at the Anus, by a loud explosion, without the smallest previous apology. The amorofo, supposing—how could he suppose otherwise?—that

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his

his mistress had been guilty of this ill-mannered trick, was exceedingly shocked and dispirited at her rudeness; while Flavia, terrified beyond measure, at finding the imagined defunct brother in motion, suddenly sprung from the bed, tumbling her gallant on the floor; and, without stopping to render him the smallest assistance, made her escape. Expecting to see the house, if not the whole street, in a state of general alarm, she hastily slipped on a part of her cloaths.

By this time, the discomfited old gentleman, being somewhat recovered from his surprise and confusion, precipitately followed the half-distracted Flavia, of whom he indignantly took an eternal leave; which, at this critical period, she by no means regretted.

Flavia immediately went to brother Charles's relief. She removed every obstruction which impeded the powers
of

of respiration; and, throwing open the windows, a gale of fresh air gradually restored her unwelcome visitor to new life. — In a few minutes, he opened his languid eyes; and, conscious that his situation had been somewhat critical, if not dangerous, instantly made an effort to rise.

The cause of this accident again occurring to Charles's recollection, he ran to embrace this astonished lady, exclaiming, ' Ah! I am no stranger to these features of my dear LISETTE !
' — All this external pomp, which
' surrounds her; this dress, that destroys
' her native loveliness; have deceived
' me once: but, now, I can no longer
' doubt. Yes! these red lips; these
' cheeks, although deformed by paint;
' are those which I have so often kissed,
' before Lisette — O dismal to reflect!
' — was robbed of her virgin purity!'

Lisette — for Lisette it was, beyond the possibility of contradiction — shewed

the wildest demonstrations of surprise ; which, however, continued but a short time: for Lisette, being accustomed to tender and interesting scenes, quickly recovered from her astonishment. ‘ Yes, my dear Charles,’ said she, ‘ you again see your Lisette! — That Lisette, on whom you once doated; but who now is unworthy of your love: for she was capable of forgetting you. — But why do I thus see my Charles in a garb which cuts off our future intercourse; which precludes me from rewarding his constancy? — Tell me what wonderful accident has constrained you to become a Capuchin?’

‘ Ah!’ answered brother Charles, ‘ if your love had been as ardent and sincere as mine, then need I not to confess, that, having lost my beloved mistress, all that remained was to fly from a world, in which I could no longer discover the smallest attraction. —

‘ But,’

‘But,’ added he hastily, ‘by what a series of strange events came you the mistress of this palace? — What can have paved the way to this glittering exaltation?’

Lisette, having regaled her lover with a revivifying cordial, entered upon a narrative of all that had befallen her, from the period of their separation to the present time. We cannot say a faithful narrative; for some ludicrous circumstances she wholly omitted; others, that admitted of embellishment, received some masterly touches. But let us not upbraid her on this account. She was relating her indiscretions to a first and honourable lover.

‘The *villain* Alberoni,’ said she, ‘kept me, upwards of a month, confined in a magnificent apartment, which he had deliberately prepared for the execution of his *diabolical* purpose!’

“ I heroically withstood his threats
“ and his prayers; and all the costly
“ presents with which he loaded me, I
“ constantly threw into the fire. I
“ smiled at his angry extravagances, and
“ repelled, with bitter reproaches, those
“ furious attacks which he made on my
“ chastity. Yes, I determined rather to
“ lose my life than my innocence. —
“ The *monster*, therefore, seeing how
“ fruitless were all his endeavours, com-
“ passed my ruin in a manner which I
“ little expected, and, for that reason,
“ could not prevent. One fatal night,
“ he infused some sleeping potion into
“ a glass of wine, which I drank with-
“ out the smallest suspicion; and, after-
“ wards, by means of a private door,
“ which I had never observed, stole gen-
“ tly and unperceived to my bed. —
“ Alas! I awoke, and found him power-
“ less in my arms! But the *ravisher*
“ had stolen the most inestimable jewel
“ of a virtuous female. — What mer-
“ cures

• fures could I pursue in this unfortu-
 • nate predicament! — I would have
 • risked every thing, not even excepting
 • existence, to preserve my darling repu-
 • tation: but when it was gone, where
 • could a remedy be discovered? Even
 • the most bitter lamentations were fruit-
 • less. Alberoni pacified my troubled
 • mind — as far as it was capable of be-
 • ing pacified — by the most solemn pro-
 • mises of marriage: and thus did he
 • allure me to partake of his criminal
 • joys for the six succeeding months.
 • But his love, which reigned only in the
 • imagination, gradually degenerated in-
 • to indifference. A new object struck
 • his eyes; gold, and perhaps the usual
 • artifices, obtained him possession; when
 • he left me, “to think on what was
 • past; and sigh alone.”

• “Why then,” interrupted brother
 Charles; • why, why then did you
 • not return to the Countess? Ah!”

replied

replied she, ' I was yet no Capuchin.
' Who, in my ticklish circumstances,
' would have pursued such a step?—
' How pregnant with alarm and disqui-
' etude?—Could a young woman, of
' my inexperience, be otherwise con-
' sidered than as a willing victim to the
' persuasions of a man without honour
' or principle? — I was kept back by
' shame, perhaps false shame. I knew
' the Countess's severity of morals; I
' feared she would drive me from her
' presence as one infected.' ' What,
' after this, became of my dear Lisette?
' — What was next your resolves? —
' I tremble for the sequel!' cried Charles.
' I could,' replied she, ' omit many in-
' cidents: but *truth* shall direct me; it
' is the only way to recover your esteem.
' — I remained in Naples, then; where
' my adventure with Alberoni became
' public: in consequence of which a
' wealthy young gentleman made me
' the most liberal offers. Long did I
' hesi-

‘ hesitate; till, seeing every hope cut off,
‘ I reluctantly consented. — It is now
‘ time to shorten a narrative, as painful
‘ to myself as to you. In succession,
‘ I contracted other engagements of the
‘ same dishonourable nature: from which
‘ I have only been freed, than since the
‘ death of Prince Libanien, with whom
‘ I lived a whole year, in all the har-
‘ mony that such a state could afford.
‘ The Prince generously bequeathed me
‘ this palace, with ten thousand crowns
‘ a year, during my life: and, though it
‘ is barely adequate to my expences,
‘ I have rejected numberless propo-
‘ sitions, that did not accord with those
‘ virtuous principles which, I trust, are
‘ inherent in my nature.’

Our good brother, as if conscious
of the elastic purposes to which his frail
body had been so recently converted,
could not wholly suppress several weighty
doubts which arose in his mind, respect-
ing

ing Lisette's *inherent* virtue. But she was now become rich; and riches, like affected religion, will cover a multitude of sins. Besides, he was also a Capuchin; a public beggar, incapable of commanding either respect or esteem. — Brother Charles, notwithstanding the unpleasantness of hearing, from Lisette's own mouth, that so many had shared in those charms which for years fed his fond expectations, resolved not to waste the time in unavailing complaints: nor could he now think of reproaches. 'I should esteem myself happy,' said he, 'in the renewal of our former love. It is impossible, my dear Lisette, to forget those transporting ideas which once revelled in the heart, and intoxicated the senses. Destiny intervened, and effected our separation. The same destiny, by means unaccountable, has again brought us together. We cannot avoid its dispensations, whether evil or good: so, at least, our Fathers have

‘ have taught me; and, whatever the
‘ world may say, they are studious and
‘ learned men. It was written, that
‘ you should be ravished; and that I
‘ should become a Capuchin, as being
‘ connected to your fate. Let us, there-
‘ fore, forget all that is past; let us con-
‘ sign it to oblivion. Let us, my
‘ charming Lisette, consult how to en-
‘ joy the present, consistently with our
‘ respective situations. You may,
‘ then, be happy, replied Lisette, ‘ with-
‘ out much trouble. My partiality for
‘ Charles, though interrupted, has never
‘ been destroyed. I always felt plea-
‘ sure in recalling your image to re-
‘ collection; I never despaired of see-
‘ ing you again. Your Lisette, though
‘ no longer a virgin, is still capable of
‘ loving her Charles.’

The holy Franciscan, forgetting his
vow of abstinence, imprinted a thrilling
kiss on the lips of this fair-one: not
such

such a pure kiss, however, as in days of old; but one of those which highly interest the sensual appetites. What the result might have been, it is impossible to determine, as Lisette returned his ardent caresses with even superior warmth, if a neighbouring clock had failed to perform its regular duty. Brother Charles became panic struck at the awful sounds which grated on his ear. Already two hours had he trespassed over the time allotted; and yet the bag of charity was empty! — Lisette, however, learning the cause of his embarrassment, contributed, this time, largely to the necessities of the convent; which happily operated as a satisfactory apology; for it was literally considered as a *weighty* argument.

From this period, the worthy mendicant became more zealous than ever in the faithful discharge of his office; and he divided the time so well, that

Lisette

Lisette never once found occasion to accuse him of forgetfulness. On the other hand, also, he was cautious in not giving the brotherhood offence: for though Lisette, as at first, caused him often to *swoon*, the fits were of shorter duration, and by no means so dangerous. — Such are the blessed effects of an indolent habit!

One day, as brother Charles was exhibiting his prowess, it happened that Lisette, for the first time, took serious offence at his beard; some of the hairs entering her mouth; while others inflamed her delicate lips. She had often felt, and privately remarked, this nuisance before: now was it unbearable. ‘I cannot conceive,’ said she, ‘what moved the Holy Francis to burden his disciples with BEARDS! Nothing can be more indecent, or slovenly. If he meant to render them unworthy of approaching the fair-sex, then has he

' accomplished his object. — For God's
 ' sake, my dear Charles, get rid of your
 ' beard. It is sufficient, that I bear
 ' with your greasy hands, and stinking
 ' coat and shoes.' ' But,' replied he,
 ' what will our brethren say? How
 ' will it square with their rules?' —
 ' Let them talk on; and murmur ac-
 ' cording as inclination directs. Quake!
 ' quake! are your laws. — But stop,
 ' I have a remedy at hand, which will
 ' shield you from reproach and suspi-
 ' cion.'

Lisette ran to her toilet, and present-
 ly returned with a small phial. ' Take
 ' this,' said she, ' to your cell, and con-
 ' ceal it carefully. Rub your beard
 ' with its contents every evening; and
 ' by degrees, will these monstrous hairs
 ' entirely disappear. Above all, forget
 ' not to appear astonished at the pheno-
 ' menon; it will be ascribed to a weak
 ' habit of body, or some other natural
 ' cause.

“cause. The power of the water that
“I have given you ———” “Ey!
“wonderfull” interrupted brother Charles;
“I am charmed at the idea: for, to speak
“my mind, these cumbersome beards al-
“ways struck me as being ridiculous.”

The project was immediately put
in execution; and, in a short time, the
good brother was eased of his trouble-
some incumbrance. The holy brethren,
however, were by no means so credu-
lous as Liscate had conceived. They
severely questioned our beardless bro-
ther; and narrowly searched his apart-
ment. The trick was discovered; and
the audacious culprit severely chast-
ised. They seized the magic water as
contraband; so that brother Charles’s
inexhaustible juices, accelerated the
growth of a second crop, more abun-
dant than the first.

This unlucky adventure detained

brother Charles in the cloister for several weeks, — wholly against his desire. — It is needless to say with what expedition he repaired to Lisette the first moment an opportunity offered; or to paint her surprise on observing an increase of the evil. She demanded the occasion; when Charles related the affair simply as it occurred.

Females, when once bent on revenge, seldom recede till their purpose be accomplished, however extravagant or ridiculous the means. Lisette feeling, as it were, the strokes which her lover had received, vowed angry retaliation on the whole cloister; and the plot was no less singular than dangerous. ‘It seems to me,’ said she to Charles, ‘that your devout brothers worship their beards, which they prize above every other earthly consideration. — Ey! then, for that very reason will I rob them of their favourite toys! — for do, they
‘ not

‘ not study to torment that sex who gave
‘ them existence! — I will, my dear
‘ Charles, propose a bold undertaking:
‘ to a lover, who feels for the injuries
‘ of a mistress, there is nothing impossible.
‘ If your devotion be equal to those so-
‘ lemn assurances I have so often re-
‘ ceived; if you would henceforth en-
‘ joy the smallest marks of my favour;
‘ if you would not incur the eternal dis-
‘ pleasure of Lisette; you must, this
‘ night, with your own hand, shear off
‘ every beard in the cloister; not one
‘ must escape! Bring the precious re-
‘ licts to me, in one lot; the greater the
‘ better: for I intend to have a mattress
‘ of the holy materials. — On this
‘ condition, my dear Charles may ex-
‘ pect a renewal of our former joys:
‘ the salt of life shall dissolve into ex-
‘ quisite pleasure. — I will deny you
‘ nothing within the reach of my person,
‘ my purse, or my influence. Be con-
‘ fident: your reward shall more than

‘compensate the probable hazard.’ —
Brother Charles stood aghast at the bare
idea of such a desperate adventure. —
‘Have you well considered the affair,
‘my dear Lisette?’ said he. ‘Can
‘you resolve to bring irredeemable de-
‘struction on a man, who merits your
‘regard? How can you imagine, that
‘this enterprize will succeed undisco-
‘vered? — It is the beard that forms
‘the Capuchin: without beard, he is no
‘longer entitled to the privileges of his
‘order. Besides, as you have already
‘observed, our brethren worship these
‘hairy symbols so devoutly, that they
‘lavish more time in combing and keep-
‘ing them in order, than you expend at
‘the toilet.....’

‘You are alarmed without cause,’
interrupted Lisette. ‘Nothing can be
‘more easy than the execution of this
‘project. I have here a water, whose
‘somniferous qualities are so powerful,
‘that

“that the smallest drop will involve a
 “Hercules in twelve hours sleep: during
 “which time the cloister might be bom-
 “barded and captured, without mole-
 “station. — Throw a few drops of it
 “in each brother’s evening dish; and,
 “at midnight, with a pair of good scif-
 “fars, snip, snip like an industrious work-
 “man —” “To get *myself* closely
 “shaved!” *thought* brother Charles. —
 “Your labour being over,” continued
 Lisette, “take the keys of the cloister,
 “and, not forgetting the beards, open
 “to yourself a passage, and come hither.
 “A servant shall wait your arrival. —
 “I will provide you new cloaths; for these
 “filthy tatters are only fit for the flames.
 “O how we shall laugh at the good Fa-
 “thers expence! — But cut close,
 “whatever you do: I am resolved on
 “having a genuine mattrafs!”

What could the unfortunate Fran-
 ciscan oppose to such positive injunctions!
 In fact, so peremptory was Lisette, that
 she:

she would not allow of the smallest objection. Trembling, therefore, received he the phial; and, in deep meditation, walked slowly on to the cloister.

He prepared the supper, according to custom; and when the eating-room bell rang, unwillingly, and with a beating heart, made the prescribed use of Lisette's favourite liquid.

Scarcely were the Fathers lain down to rest, before they were involved in the soundest sleep: so truly powerful was this singular dose. — Brother Charles waited, on thorns, for the moment that was to determine the fate of the Capuchin beards; and when the solemn period arrived, he remained yet undetermined and fearful. Often he essayed to go forward; as often did he again turn about. At length, the dread of being discarded by Lisette — an idea more terrible than a torturing death —

fur-

surmounted every smaller consideration; no longer did he hesitate, spurred on by love and revenge. By the help of a lantern he entered, in succession, the several apartments; having a capacious sack on his shoulder, and a strong, sharp pair of scissars in his hand. Nothing interrupted the peaceful silence of the hour, save the mighty snoring of the unconscious Franciscans. How prosperous seemed the undertaking! Brother Charles snipped furiously away, till his sack became nearly full. At last, he came to the Provincial, in turn. 'Ah!' 'my good reverend,' cried our adventurer, who was emboldened by his previous success, 'you also must share the common fate of the brethren! — But ho! methinks you softly repose, on *only* five or six mattresses, with sheets of the finest linen! — And, gracious heaven! what a clean shirt! — See, now, the conduct of those who are set up as patterns of rigidity to their

' in-

“inferiors! — Ah! barbarous! while
 “even the cushions sigh to your *High*
 “*Worthiness*, are your underlings stretch-
 “ed on a miserable bed, as unpliant as
 “iron! — I will punish this presump-
 “tion: no longer shall you strut with
 “that dignified beard. Snip, snip, is
 “the order of the night; whiskers and
 “all, my good Reverend!”

There was now but one unshorn
 sholy one remaining, whom your worthy
 brother, notwithstanding the increased
 weight of his sack, would by no means
 omit. He entered the cell, therefore,
 with courage renewed, and began the
 operation as usual; when cutting a string,
 the whole beard fell instantly off! —
 “By the Holy Francis,” cried Charles,
 “an impostor! — See, what a smooth
 “chin! — Brother Peter, of what non-
 “descript species art thou? — I am fully
 “determined to know.” Without fur-
 ther ceremony, he turned down at once
 the

the bed-cloaths; when, for the first moment, our good brother imagined himself mistaken in the true situation of Peter's face; a most reverend *beard*, the longest he had as yet slain, meeting his view! 'Ha! a female!' exclaimed he. 'What, in the name of wonder, can be the meaning of this? — Surely, the holy brothers, or some of them at least, are concerned in the plot! — O ye concupiscent fathers, is it thus that you mortify the fleshly desires? — But I will chastise you. Snip, snip, is the word!'

Brother Charles, not a little delighted at this discovery, which seemed to render his revenge the more just, fell earnestly to work. But as the usurer is sometimes foiled of his demands, with an addition of heavy expences, for a paltry accumulation of profit, contrary to law: — so our hero, by striving to mend what was already sufficiently per-
for-

formed, lost the brilliant reward of his toil. He carried off, at one greedy snip, a bit of the *Vulval* on which *Sister Peter*, feeling a twitch, much greater than even her conscience experienced before, gave a horrible shriek, loud enough to alarm the whole cloister on ordinary occasions. — Brother Charles, pale and trembling, let fall the scissars from his hand ; thought no more of the richly-stored sack ; and flew, he scarcely knew how, from the cell. — The pillars, every thing that came in his way, appeared as the enraged Fathers in general pursuit. — The cries of *Sister Peter* reverberated still on his ear ; the execrations of the Brotherhood seemed as audible — as if, in reality, they were following in full cry.

All, however, in the cloister, remained still as the grave : for the good sister barely opened her eyes to shut them again ; conceiving that she had been

dreaming of pain. So great was the prevalence to sleep, that she felt not her disgrace: neither the loss of blood, nor the air, which now obtained unobstructed admission, in no wise interrupted the holy one's slumbers.

Charles at length, by the help of his lantern, reached the outside of the cloister. The very stones seemed as chafers, waiting to seize him: no wonder, therefore, that he fell on his knees to a gentleman, who accidentally passed by; and who, supposing him mad, redoubled his pace, to get out of danger's way. The unfortunate brother, after encountering several other ludicrous fantasies, reached the residence of his mistress, who was sitting up, in glad expectation. 'Your commands are executed,' said Charles, in a tone of despair. 'The Capuchins can no longer boast of their bears. . . . And where are they?' eagerly cried Lisette. 'What have

‘have you not brought them?’ ‘Alas!’
‘no,’ answered he. ‘I was glad to
‘escape with my own. The brethren,
‘alarmed by an untoward mistake of the
‘scissars, have pursued me like blood-
‘hounds!’ He then gave Lisette a
regular detail of this adventure, without
concealing the barbarities which he had
practised on the *labia* of *Peter*. — She
wept at the loss of her sack; and, for a
long time, refused to be comforted.

The Franciscans, however devout,
neglected the next morning’s matins:
they continued in drowsy fetters, till the
sun had scorched their fat faces. The
first who awoke, stroked his chin, which
felt somewhat cold: the rugged stumps
pricked his fingers! he stared like a wild-
man in civilised hands: he surmised ’twas
a dream. The good brother, notwith-
standing, spit and coughed; and, be-
yond all doubt, had the use of his legs:
for he straddled to a glass for advice.
He

He looked and re looked, and again felt the stubble; while the beard was wholly invisible. 'This is charming!' said he. 'My next brother, no doubt, has played me this damnable trick!' In a rage, approaching to madness, he opened the door; when that brother, in the same sort of humour, springing forward, drove his head in the centre of his worthy friend's face; whose prominent nose receiving the blow, was terribly twisted about; insomuch, that the blood issued out in a liberal current. The first holy man, placing this to the former account, pummelled his brother at a most unmerciful rate; and, both feeling the fury of maddening revenge, the conflict became dreadful in each point of view. At length, the brothers perceived their mutual mistake. 'What, my good father, are you beardless too!' exclaimed both in a breath. A third, and a fourth, by degrees the whole cloister, assembled. 'This is a supernatural event!' said one.

of the brethren; while the principal part stood dumb, overcome by surprise and despair.

The doors of the cloister were immediately shut; and it was resolved to convene a general meeting, to investigate and examine into the probable cause of this wonderful outrage. In the mean time, however, *Sister Peter* discovered the sack; and every one being present, except brother Charles, he was more than suspected of being the culprit. — His antipathy to beards, which a member brought to the assembly's recollection, took away every trifling doubt. — Such earnestness and sorrow appeared on the countenances of this Capuchin tribe, as if nothing of less importance had been under discussion, than — How to give a new form to the globe?

It was, lastly, determined, that the Capuchins should not perform the holy office

office for a fortnight to come: nor, during that time, to be seen once in public. That every possible enquiry should be made after the villain who had brought this disgrace on the brotherhood; and, if taken, it was unanimously agreed, that he should be punished with unexampled severity.

This adventure rapidly circulated throughout the whole city of Naples; and numbers flocked to the cloister, in expectation of enjoying a laugh at the ludicrous scene. But the wise brothers disappointed their hopes; no one individual ventured out from his cell.

The fourteen days, however, expired; and the beards still cut a contemptible figure; there was no dignity in the length. It was impossible, therefore to exhibit in public, under such disagreeable circumstances.

A second time was the Chapter assembled, to advise on the means of avoiding the consequent evils; when, at length, it was *nem. con.* determined, that False Beards should be worn: for the cloister had already too long been deprived of the service of God, and robbed of its fair reputation.

The sack, which Charles left behind, had been thrown in a corner as useless: but now it was suggested, that the same hair would serve the purpose in view. The Pater Guardian, therefore, who was appointed to preach on the following Sunday, eagerly seized the first lot, at the mouth of the bag, in order to comb, and to bring it in order. He seemed wonderfully pleased at his choice; for the hair bowed in natural curls, and was, further, as false as jet. It was, in good truth, the rare relics of our good *Sister* Peter, whose opportune scream drove the robber away! She,
pious

pious soul! lay as still as a mute; caring more for her honour than beard, notwithstanding the *sensible* loss which so cruelly fell to her share. It was, however, no cause for surprise, that the last handful which was laid in the sack, should be the first to come out!

The Pater Guardian was a preacher of extensive repute; and the news of his approaching oration quickly spread far and wide. Among others, it came to the ears of Lifette, who determined to make one of the audience, and stiffly insisted that Charles should accompany her. 'I intend,' said she, 'to make myself merry at the preacher's complaints.' Brother Charles, who now bore the name of MAZANJELLO, implored Lifette to lay aside so mischievous a project. 'I shall assuredly fall a sacrifice to your rashness,' said he. 'Inevitably will they discover and seize me: and you are no stranger to the extent

‘ extent that they carry their hate.’ —
 ‘ Nonsense, absolute nonsense!’ answered Lisette. ‘ You cannot be known;
 ‘ for your new dress has totally blotted
 ‘ every mark of your past occupation.
 ‘ You look as much like a Judge as a
 ‘ Friar. — What resemblance can be
 ‘ found between a being with bare-footed
 ‘ shoes, and a coat, that hangs from the
 ‘ top to the toe, besmeared with grease;
 ‘ and the same person spruced out like a
 ‘ beau, by the side of a richly-dressed
 ‘ female?’

In defiance of all his mistress’s reasoning, Charles felt not one ray of comfort: the result stared too plain in his face. But, as usual, Lisette would not admit of controut; and love makes the wisest men fools. When, a fair one commands, what is life to the risk of her frowns? — Charles had ventured too much, to halt at this trifle; and he knew that Lisette had the charge of his fate.

Our

Our unfortunate wight consented, therefore, to accompany his eccentric mistress to the Franciscan chapel; where, induced by curiosity, a numerous congregation had met. — The Priest, in allusion to the recent robbery, made choice of an appropriate text: 'THOU SHALT NOT STEAL' from which he deduced many pointed arguments in favour of an honest, virtuous, and sober life. By degrees, his discourse led to the particular injury which the brethren had sustained: this he forcibly denominated an act of sacrilege, that even Heaven could not pardon: for the impious culprit exceeded even the Devil in wickedness, who never committed depredations on sacred things. No! a holy man might defy, and laugh at, Satan and all his works. But against a sinner like this — So vehemently laboured our eloquent orator to render Charles worse than the Devil; so wildly did he stare, and toss about his arms; that, at length,

length, an unlucky finger hitched in the string of his beard with such violence, that it gave way, and fell into the midst of the audience! —

Those who frequent the Royal Theatres, are not ignorant of the wonderful effects which an apposite jest will produce on the risible muscles; the peals of laughter, the clapping, which shake the whole edifice; — those, therefore, may form some distant idea of the scene which followed this unfortunate accident. In vain called the Priest for a hearing; the uproar increased every moment; till, at length, the good man walked in dudgeon away.

The *Beard* was handed about from each curious wag to his neighbour; and as it passed in succession, new causes of laughter were found. A small wit, sagaciously stroking the relic, declared that the preacher but little regarded the

text,

text, having clearly made free with his grandmother's store! — The good Fathers, shocked at this filthy remark, and not knowing how *nearly* it approached unto truth, resolved to make an end of the fray. For this purpose, a host of their youngest disciples were sent round to capture the Beard; that unfortunate Beard, which had spoilt the best sermon for ages conceived. Their dexterity was, however, in vain: for it flew, like a *blackbird*, about. While it remained in the possession of *Peter*, our most ancient members could perform this hard task, which defied the skill of their more alert brethren. After saluting the chops of many an elderly beau, and closing the eyes of the fair, it fixed—how perverse!—on the toupee of Charles! when the pupils, who always ran after their game, stared him full in the face. Too late did he draw in his corpulent belly, and look in another direction: for the chapel instantly rung with the cry of—“Here

is

is the thief! — There sits the monster!
 the destroyer of beards! — Seize, seize
 the apostate!

Charles's heart, as it were, fell motionless into his shoes; he gave Lisette a bitter look of reproach; and surrendered himself prisoner. The captors, transported at this unexpected discovery, let the poor brother feel the *force* of their joy as he passed to a place of security. — Lisette, for the first time, was a little dismayed; but carefully hid her confusion, for fear of being treated as a party concerned. She affected to view the accused as a stranger, and outwardly laughed at his fate. Now the farce of the Beard wore a tragic appearance: the actors retired abashed; and our frolicksome heroine marched out in the rear; rushing to deliver her lover, should it cost the whole chister a fall. Lisette knew the strength of her power; and was seriously bent to exert it.

Bro-

Brother Charles was detained but a short time — in doubt, respecting the reward of his labours. That same evening was he successively upbraided and striped by every one of the brothers. — *Sister* Peter, who still wore a patch on the wound, distinguished her rage from the rest; reminding the foe of his merciless snip, by the weight of her sinewy arm. The following day, in spite of his bodily sores, they condemned him to be buried alive, without further process or form; and the sentence was instantly put in effect.

Lifette had been formerly addressed by a man of great influence at Court; who being uncommonly ill-favoured, bandy-legged, and hump-backed, the lady would never accede to his final request, notwithstanding the rewards and the offers, that were meant to disannul her objections. She now therefore judged it wise to relent on other conditions; and

prefaced her letter with many acknowledgments for the honour he once had intended, and which now she was disposed to accept, if he would do her a trifling service. A relation, who was a Capuchin brother, having given his superior offence, had been most cruelly stripped, and he still bore the marks of his enemy's rage; which, however, being deemed insufficient, he was, a few days ago, doomed to perpetual confinement. On the score of humanity, therefore, she begged, that his Highness would obtain from the King a command to take the unfortunate man from their merciless clutches.

This order was almost instantly issued: a Messenger repaired to the Capuchin cloister, attended by a detachment of soldiers, and asked, in the name of the King, for the body of Charles; declaring he could not admit of delay.

'We govern our own institution,' said they;

they; 'and therefore your orders are null; this trouble is useless. But though, as his Majesty's subjects, we were inclined to comply, still is it out of our power: for the culprit is sent to the country by our Pater Provincial; and he being out, we can say nothing further.'

This answer by no means contented the Messengers; who entered the cloister by force, and ransacked all corners for Charles. As long as they kept from the spot where our criminal lay, the good brothers attended the band, and cheerfully opened each door, as a proof that their holy assertions were just. But endly approaching the court, where a ruinous out house appeared, the Fathers marched back in a sweat. The soldiers, however, went on; and, being entered within, saw a large broad stone, that seemed to have been newly removed. They lifted it up, and found that a cave

lay there under concealed ; where brother Charles, naked, pale as ashes, and half covered with mud, was about to take leave of his bodily troubles, in a prostrate position. A faint, a very faint light, illumined this den. By the prisoner lay a few pounds of coarse bread, and some bottles of water ; which he had partly consumed, the first day of his entrance : but, for want of fresh air, Charles's strength and his appetite failed. Near at hand, stood some old, rotten garments, and a heap of dry human bones ; all which clearly proved, to the wondering soldiers, that many before had been doomed to expire in this infamous hole. They dragged forth our unfortunate brother ; and, while a few strove to revive the small sparks of life which remained, the rest seized our trembling Friars.

This singular instance of cruelty, incensed all who heard the dread tale. The cloister was razed to the ground ;
seve-

several brothers were deprived of their portion of life; and the populace hunted the others as wolves: no rest was permitted a Capuchin head. The Beards were eternally exiled from Naples.

Brother Charles's redeemers conveyed him to a public infirmary, where, in a few days, his languor decreased, and the animal spirits revived. All danger being over, he once more returned to Lisette, who had paid for his ransom. She buried him alive, beyond doubt; but then, was he also indebted to her for a resurrection so glorious. It was therefore impossible to upbraid her with any evil design. She was rather 'the Cherub which sits up aloft!'

The sagacious reader may probably suppose, that Lisette, by thus placing her lover in danger, felt her passion grow cool. But this was by no means the case. It was hatred, alone, to the Holy

Franciscans, that directed her measures ; their laws would not allow of that general intercourse which she wished ; it was unpleasant to sleep by herself in the winter's long nights ; and she could not forgive their upsetting her favourite scheme of enjoying a kiss, divested of an unbearable nuisance. When, therefore, the buzz of the Beards had, in good part, subsided, Lisette opened her heart to the most constant of lovers. " Long ere now had we been united," said she, " but for the intervention of sudden misfortunes. Now have our circumstances assumed a different shape. We are freed from every incumbrance : there is nothing to dread or suspect. Let us, then, tie the knot for our lives, without giving Fate time to torment us anew." " How magnanimous !" cried Charles, who privately doubted her love : " How singular is your conduct ! — I had determined never to propose what you thus generously offer."

" I ve-

“I vehemently wished you less rich,
 “because it prevented — I thought so at
 “least — the fulfilment of my ardent de-
 “sires. But my expiring hopes are re-
 “vived. Lisette is still true to her
 “vows!”

From this moment, Lisette resolved
 to be constant to Charles; and, in a few
 days, they were privately married; hav-
 ing reasons for keeping the circumstance
 secret. However, all their precautions
 were vain: for it quickly became a to-
 pic of general discourse; and Lisette
 was, in consequence, bitterly joked by
 her friends, who despised the Capuchin
 brother. It was, they declared, unbe-
 coming a lady of fortune; ’twas a down-
 right burlesque on her late lover, the
 Prince. — Brother Charles took these
 sarcasms to heart; and, one day, thus
 spoke to Lisette, in a sorrowful tone:
 “I believe, my Lisette, that this city
 “will afford but a small portion of ease:

“we

“we can meet with no rational being;
 “The satirical jokes which we daily en-
 “dure, are not of the pleasantest kind;
 “and who knows when the hubbub will
 “cease?—Let us remove, then, from
 “Naples; let this palace, and all its
 “rich furniture, be sold. It will pro-
 “duce a considerable sum; which, with
 “your yearly allowance, will keep us
 “in Paris with ease; and where, being
 “unknown, our riches may create us
 “esteem.”

Lisette, having considered this im-
 portant affair, gave at length her consent.
 The Palace, and its contents, were brought
 under the hammer; and happily fetched
 a good price. She arranged all her
 other affairs; ironically thanked her good
 friends; and, by way of saving expen-
 ces, went with spouse in the Flying Post
 Coach. — Charles rejoiced, that his
 wife was driven from this scene of temp-
 tation: for he horribly dreaded the horns!

When

When they arrived on the borders of France, an accident happened to the coach; which compelled the passengers to accept of a heavy machine, that opportunely came by. Here they found, as travelling companions, a Capuchin, a French officer, and a young lady, who was more charming than rich. This assemblage of character, seemed admirably suited to produce a battle of words; for there were two opposite parties, and an audience besides.

The usual questions were immediately asked; as — "What part of the world have you left, Sir — and, Madam?" Charles answered — "Naples." "Naples —?" cried the Gens d'Arm. "What a fortunate meeting!" — "You can, then, give us a particular detail of the far-famed adventure which lately occurred in that city; in which the Capuchin brothers played so distinguished a part. On the whole, it is
looked

‘looked on as a pleasant occurrence,
 ‘notwithstanding the tragical fate of the
 ‘brethren. No doubt, we shall enjoy
 ‘it in common with others, if our good
 ‘Father here will consent,’ moving up
 to the side of the brother, as if ’twas
 intended to make him the butt. ‘Stage-
 ‘coach expeditions are tedious, my
 ‘friend: it is therefore but just to chase
 ‘away care.’

This proposition embarrassed poor
 Charles; he was heartily sick of the
 subject; and even dreaded to encounter
 the eyes of the Friar, who sat *vis-à-vis*.
 He might, too, be from Naples; per-
 haps knew their persons; and thus, by
 provoking his reverence, the exploits
 they had acted, might travel as fast as
 themselves. Lisette, however, seeing
 Charles’s perplexity, resolved to amuse
 the audience herself: she could not con-
 sent to let a Franciscan escape the scourge
 of her tongue.

Lisette

Lifette told the tale in most admirable glee; she mimicked the rage of the Friars; and laughed at the close of their fate. In short, no author, not Fielding or Smollet, could better describe. The company were highly delighted; all, except the Capuchin brother, who grinned many horrible smiles. The Gens d'Arme shewed the excess of his transport, by clapping, every moment, with his hands and his feet. 'Flavia,' said he, 'was an excellent lass! Brother Charles a man of true courage; a hero, by G.d! — O what would I give for a fight of this pair! — I should fall on my knees, and pay them homage devout. — What say you, old boy?' looking plump at the Capuchin Father.

The holy man, notwithstanding, kept silent; he knew not what course to pursue, against such unfeeling assailants, who, apparently, scoffed at his cloth. — Our good Friar's gloom, and the joy of
the

the rest, formed a whimsical scene. He continued to hear their ironical prate, without offering once to reply; till the young Miss, who had hitherto been respectfully silent, joined the roar, with some cutting remarks; when the poor Capuchin lost the little remains of his patience. ‘You, too, Mademoiselle,’ said he, ‘must then come in at the death! — ’Tis hard, on my conscience, ’tis hard!’ ‘Aye!’ answered Miss, ‘why should I, too, not laugh at this comical jest; at the outwitted Fathers of Naples? — What pleases so many, cannot fail to please me: I was formed in no sorrowful hour. But you, Sir, find tasteless this savoury dish; you laugh not; but bitterly sigh. To be sure, you are nearly allied to the Beards; and must feel the family disgrace. *It is hard, on my conscience ’tis hard!*’

‘And you, my pert Madam,’ said he, ‘are, perhaps, no *relation* at all! —
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‘ In future, be a little more circumspect:
 ‘ those who ridicule others, should be
 ‘ faultless themselves. Look at home,
 ‘ my fair friend——!’

‘ Speak! — Speak! — Curse you,
 ‘ speak!’ cried the fair in a desperate
 rage. ‘ I make no secret of my Life
 ‘ and Adventures: nor desire that others
 ‘ should stop up their mouths, on once
 ‘ hearing the tale. — And what can your
 ‘ reverence say? — That a fat Pater se-
 ‘ duced me, with a million of lies, which
 ‘ are coined in the cloister by shoals!
 ‘ and then left me to range on the town.
 ‘ — God send your whole gang to the
 ‘ bottomless pit, and set every beard in
 ‘ a thousand years blaze!’ —

‘ See here the power of Satan!’
 spoke the Friar, by way of reply. ‘ He
 ‘ entices to vice: and then puts down
 ‘ the evil to some other account. — Sister
 ‘ dear, there is no one to blame but
 H ‘ your-

‘ yourself. — I am sorry to see you so
‘ lost, as to boast of your crimes!’

The young Miss was about to reply with an increase of warmth, when our warrior turned the course of the stream. ‘ My father,’ cried he, ‘ you
‘ are angry without the least cause. —
‘ We speak of the Holy Franciscans of
‘ Naples; and, among all the remarks I
‘ have heard, not one affects you.’

‘ Refrain, Sir,’ said the Friar, ‘ to
‘ comment on a story that wants confir-
‘ mation. It is merely romance, put
‘ together by the evil designing. This
‘ Flavia and Charles are of fiction creat-
‘ ed. They are too monstrous for
‘ civilised beings.’

Lisette burnt to clear up the good man’s mistake: but the Gens d’Arme stuck too close to the Friar. ‘ You
‘ give us,’ said he, ‘ an unfavourable
‘ proof

‘ proof of your breeding, to doubt what
‘ proceeds from the mouth of so charm-
‘ ing a lady, who witnessed some part
‘ of the ludicrous scene; and who seems
‘ to be guided by truth.’

‘ You are a man of true gallantry,’
answered the Holy Franciscan; ‘ and,
‘ of course, disposed to believe all the
‘ females assert. It is certainly acting
‘ in character. — But why force your
‘ opinions on me? It is labour in vain:
‘ for, after all, I shall think as I please.’

‘ Let us then put the ladies aside,’
said our bold son of Mars, ‘ since you
‘ deem them such damnable liars. —
‘ Your reverence can read, without
‘ doubt! Here, I have the Courant,
‘ where the story is told to the very
‘ same purport. It takes up exactly a co-
‘ lumn. Will your Holiness deign to
‘ peruse this authentic relation?’

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‘ Pshaw!’

‘ Pshaw!’ answered he, ‘ the news-
 ‘ papers are filled with report and inven-
 ‘ tion. What they vouch for as ge-
 ‘ nuine to-day, is acknowledged a lie
 ‘ on the morrow, in order to fill up the
 ‘ blanks on the journal. However,
 ‘ the French Capuchins have no such
 ‘ disaster to fear —’

‘ That is not quite so certain as
 ‘ you may suppose, my good Father,’
 said the other. ‘ Should a Flavia start
 ‘ up, I would not brother Charles —’

‘ To your sorrow, my friend!’
 said the Friar. ‘ Such adventures are
 ‘ dangerous in France: for the King ne-
 ‘ ver sports with religion, whatever its
 ‘ form. The beards will continue to
 ‘ flourish, while he bears unlimited
 ‘ sway, in spite of the Infidel crowd.
 ‘ The Capuchin Brotherhood are wholly
 ‘ at ease: they enjoy universal esteem.’

‘ Esteem!’

' Esteem!' cried the warrior. —
 ' Esteem! — How can indolent beggars
 ' presume on esteem, while they merit
 ' the halter? — For all this esteem, I
 ' would cut off their beards! Aye, and
 ' heads too, rather than be foiled of the
 ' jest! — Indeed, my good father, 'tis
 ' wrong to approach the fair-sex with
 ' such long, filthy hairs on your chin!
 ' for, 'tis clear, that you often solicit a
 ' kiss, with *all* that a female can grant.
 ' The *brains*, not the beard, bring us
 ' mortals respect.'

As the Friar was about to reply,
 the coach entered Paris, to the joy and
 surprise of our earnest disputants. The
 good man, whose fat sides had been long
 roasting in the fire of Purgatory, took
 an uncivil leave of his travelling friends:
 but our hero called after the Priest —
 ' My old boy, when you little expect,
 ' I shall pay the brethren a visit: I have
 ' Miss Flavia already in view; and
 ' you

' *you* may rely on a damnable gripe! ---
' Farewel, till the next merry meeting.'

In a few days, Lisette, who had been pregnant nine months, fell in labour; and, after many hard struggles, gave her dear husband a daughter; a Capuchin daughter, well stocked with a monstrous Beard, that reached from its chin to its toes; while the poor baby's face was as yellow as gold, and looked also sadly impaired by Time. — So much had Lisette lusted after a Capuchin mattrafs of hair!

Charles again cursed his fate, and the moment he first entered a Franciscan cloister. 'These beards,' cried he, 'are the scourge of my life! — Oh! 'had I never been born!' The midwife and gossips, however, agreed, that this whimsical child should be kept from the eyes of its mother; for the present at least; and Charles sanctioned their
mer-

merciful plan, lest Lifette should be frightened to death at the sight. But she incessantly asked for her bantling ; and at length waxed wroth at these studied delays ; till the death of our young Capuchin, at the end of three days, cleared the mystery up. It was then deemed expedient to tell her the truth, by way of appeasing her sorrow. In fact, Lifette's mourning very shortly expired : for she enjoyed, in idea, the transport of another attempt.



THE
STROLLING STUDENT.

97

THE

STROLLING STUDENT.

HAVING passed my time at school, and at the university, pretty much alike other inconsiderate young rakes of fortune, I shall omit the early scenes which I acted, with a view of enlarging on those which, perhaps, vary from all other Memoirs that have been as yet offered to the public.

During the whole course of the last year which I remained at the university, I redoubled my *study* to dress in the highest stile of fashion, to play deeply, drink

drink hard, and to debauch every innocent virgin who was foolish enough to believe the nonsensical promises which I made, with a view of accomplishing my designs. Becoming involved, by these means, in a variety of difficulties; being importuned by the mercer and taylor for the payment of their several demands; and vehemently pressed by my wine-merchant; I deemed it advisable to *travel*, having already spent upwards of five thousand rix-dollars in the preceding year. Taking, therefore, jovial leave of the college bucks, and bidding a silent farewell to my manifold creditors, whose dispositions were less airy and gay, I left Germany, my native country; and, following the course of the Rhine, made no considerable stay in any place, till I arrived at Leyden. At this city, having contracted an acquaintance with some of the *principal* students at this far-famed university, I passed the time very much to my satisfaction. The hours

hours were by no means productive of sorrow. I daily indulged in every recreation which the place afforded: such as, hunting, fishing, pleasurable amusements on the water, balls and assemblies; with many intervenient indulgences, that a well-stored purse will always procure. In this manner, I obtained a pretty general acquaintance among the ladies; and, in the end, became a distinguished favourite: for I loaded many of the fairest of these dear creatures with innumerable presents; and this, possibly, procured me more grace and favour, than any personal allurements which I possessed. Under such circumstances, I considered money as wholly beneath my notice: for with this I was abundantly supplied by an indulgent mother, who warmly approved of this travelling expedition; and who, indeed, never opposed any of my inclinations. — I frequently visited the church, too, for amusement; where, one day, reconnoitring the fair-sex, as usual, with

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the most diligent attention, I observed a beautiful lady eyeing me in a most signal and expressive manner; and presently she heaved a deep sigh, as if her heart would break. Imagining that no female of sensibility could behold me without experiencing the imperious force of love, to which, I thought, my magnificent apparel not a little contributed; there could be no doubt but the fair stranger was endeavouring to divulge her partial sentiments. This lady being superbly dressed, I at once concluded her to be a person of some rank and consequence; and therefore began to build the finest airy castles imaginable. The parson, in the mean time, absolutely exhausted my patience: I feared he would continue to pray till the awful moment of retribution; and by this means destroy the most glorious hopes ever yet conceived by an impassioned mortal. I ardently longed to discover the name and quality of this divine crea-

creature; to whom I directed a succession of languishing glances, that she might perceive how powerfully I was smitten with her charms.

When, at length, the prayers were over, I narrowly watched the route of my fair Helena; following her every step at a respectful distance. She perceived me; and by no means seem displeased at the liberty which I was taking. After passing through several streets, she stopped at the door of her house; when I felt my heart greatly agitated, not knowing which way to recede, and wanting courage to go forward. — While I stood in this unpleasant state of embarrassment, she *accidentally* dropped a glove; on which I alerily sprung forward, and taking up and kissing it, courteously presented it to the fair owner, who returned my compliments with equal politeness. This little incident gave birth to further conversation; and

the final result was, an invitation to *walk in*. Wishing for nothing more devoutly than what was now offered, I embraced the opportunity with transport. Being seated, a servant entered with confectionary and Rhenish wine; over which, I pronounced myself Dolosetta's very warm and sincere admirer. This young lady, in the course of our *se-e-a-tete*, displayed a considerable share of wit, and some learning; and was about to controvert the alleged inferiority of women, when a servant informed her that the jeweller, to whom she had sent *yesterday*, was then attending her commands. Dolosetta ordered the good man to be told, that, as she then had company, he must take the trouble to call again on the morrow, at the same hour. I, however, interposed, by remarking, that she had no occasion to postpone her inclinations on my account; for that probably I might also become a purchaser. He was then, at all events,

to

to be admitted. Dolofetta attentively examined the various trinkets which were now laid before her ; and she seemed particularly struck with a pair of bracelets, adorned with sapphires, which the jeweller estimated at one hundred rix-dollars: she liked them amazingly ; and, happening to be blue, they accorded with her livery : alone, was the price too high. Dolofetta tried the jeweller's patience nearly an hour, without shewing any intention to make the smallest purchase: on which he began to pack up in evident displeasure. But I requested that would be patient ; saying, that perhaps I could deal better with him than the lady ; and, bidding him seventy rix-dollars for the before-menrioned bracelets, we shortly came to a good understanding. I paid down the money ; and politely offered my purchase to Dolofetta's acceptance. At first, however, she peremptorily refused to comply with my wishes ; but at length, after many

Indeeds and Indeeds, she humanely took compassion on the sufferings of her lover, by accepting his present; to which, this tender-hearted fair-one was doubtless prompted by a secret longing desire.

I continued in the delightful company of Dolofetta, till evening began to approach; when giving me intimation that she momentarily expected her mother's return, who had dined out at the house of a bosom friend, I took a most melting leave on the lips of this beautiful charmer; and repaired to my lodgings, not a little transported at so glorious a conquest. This subject occupied my thoughts the whole night: not a wink could I sleep. I represented to myself, in Dolofetta, the beauty and fairness of Helena; Abigaël's understanding and affability; Penelope's constancy; and the virtue and chastity of Lucretia. — Burning of impatience to behold my divinity again, I arose early the next morn-

morning; and having perfumed, and dressed myself in a stile of singular magnificence, I took a few turns in the street where Dolosetta resided; taking especial care to pass before her windows. Nor were my views wholly disappointed: seeing her at length come forward, I took off my hat, and made a low and reverential bow, as if she had been the Empress of Germany. She returned my compliments with a friendly inclination of the head; and dispatched a confidential maid to inform me, that, as her mother was then at home, she found herself constrained to defer the honour of an interview till another opportunity: bidding me, in the mean time not to despair. I rewarded the ambassadress with a ducat; so greatly was I overjoyed at the purport of her message: instructing her to assure Dolosetta of my devotion and unalterable attachment. — I returned back, with as much joy as if I had discovered the philosopher's stone, or the purse

purse of Fortunatus. — My passion for the charming Dolosetta, every day increased; till, at length, home became insupportable: nor could the pleasures of the bottle, or the company of my sprightly companions, afford the smallest substantial ray of comfort. No! my only pleasure consisted in walking eternally before the house of Dolosetta. If a cat, or any thing white, appeared suddenly at the window, my hat came organically off: so that its front was very shortly worn to the thin consistence of paper: but Dolosetta refused to gratify my burning desires; she was not ignorant, that difficulties enhance the value of female charms. When, however, Dolosetta imagined that I had been sufficiently tantalised, she sent me, through medium of her confidante, an epistle, written on the finest gilt-edged paper, curiously folded, and made double sure by being encircled with a furred silk thread. Within, she gave me to under-

derstand, that her mother was about to leave the city for a few days; and that, on the morrow, she would attend divine service; after which I might accompany her home; provided that nothing of greater *moment* occupied my attention at that time. Who could now be more happy than I?— I kissed the dear letter a hundred times over. The occasion would not admit of delay: I therefore returned her an answer, replete with all the extravagances of an overheated brain; and giving the maid another ducat, desired she would hasten back to her mistress. Next day, I repaired to church, on the wings of expectation: which rendered my disappointment the greater, on being unable to discover Dolosetta. As soon, therefore, as the audience were dismissed, I flew to her house, in no little consternation. The servant, who stood at the door, as if waiting my approach, seemed uncommonly disturbed. She conducted

ducted me, however, into the presence of her mistress, who sat weeping, most lamentably, at a distant corner of the room. But seeing me approach, she arose, wiped off the tears, and begged me to be seated. Thunderstruck at the pitiable condition of Dolosetta, I demanded, tremblingly, the cause of her sorrow. At first, she affected to conceal it: but redoubling my solicitations, she at length informed me, that the bracelets, which I had so recently given her, were, alas! stolen, by thieves, who had broken in at her bed-room windows the preceding night, and also carried off a great quantity of wearing apparel. — Unfortunately, she had placed the bracelets in readiness, to dress for church that morning; and to this double diligence did she attribute their loss, which, though great, was still greater in its consequences; for, whatever might be the result of our connexion, it was her fixed resolve to keep the aforesaid bracelets, while

while she lived, as a tribute to the memory of so generous and worthy a man! — Having said this, she again most bitterly wept; tear succeeded tear every moment. I, however, perceived that these were merely crocodile effusions, intended to impose on my good nature: but I was so strangely intoxicated by love, as to be incapable of guarding against this palpable contrivance. I therefore endeavoured to comfort Dolosetta, by saying that the loss was too contemptible to occasion her momentary uneasiness: that the jeweller had a variety of the same articles; and that I would immediately procure her another pair of bracelets. Dolosetta, at length, though much against her inclination, consented to receive this further mark of my esteem; and, in return, honoured me with a *garland*, which the dear creature had woven herself. — What an excellent reward! how striking a proof of her fond regard! — This lady, doubtless, studied

studied to imitate his Holiness of Rome, who, for a considerable sum, honours his devout suppliants with the bone of some rotten animal, or a reliet from an executed thief!

Notwithstanding the mean opinion which I entertained of Dolosetta's garland, I accepted it with the profoundest reverence; resolving, if possible, to obtain a further and more equal balance of accounts. For this purpose, I largely expatiated on the advantages of anticipating the joys of Hymen, which, if more generally adopted by the ladies, would, in many cases, prevent unhappy marriages, provided that all men were so constant and honourable as the Germans and Dutch, who revere, and scarcely ever desert, a fruitful mistress. Dolosetta, in answer, declared her incapacity and unfitness to discuss so tender a subject, being totally discomposed by the previous misfortune: and therefore begged

ged to postpone its consideration for a few days; when we should not be liable to the smallest interruption, as her mother would shortly depart on a long visit to Groningen. Dolosetta thus artfully kept me in suspense, without destroying my hopes; and being in a loose dress, even permitted me to fondle her globular beauties. This tender act of condescension, I considered as a symptom of tender compliance: I therefore hastened to the jeweller, and ordered Dolosetta a more costly pair of bracelets than the former.

Having thus displayed a spirit of unbounded generosity, I obtained more easy access to my sweet mistress's presence: but the affair was apparently still concealed from the mother of Dolosetta; who was generally visiting, or in bed, whenever I gained admission. I seldom met my fair Dolosetta empty-handed: for the dear creature, having granted me

all but the last indulgence, imparted her numerous wants, without the smallest reserve, which she ascribed to the niggardliness of her mother. One evening, after reposing longer than usual on my fair charmer's bosom, I vehemently urged her to make me the happiest of men; declaring I could no longer exist in so painful a state of uncertainty. I had, now, lavished a considerable sum, in the prosecution of this singular courtship: it was therefore high time, I conceived, to seize on my promised reward. I determined to hear no more trifling excuses: each delay was attended with expences and danger. We were luckily sitting on a sofa, half dissolved in amorous blisses; when Dolosetta, perceiving the impossibility of further resistance, capitulated, on condition that I would not make any rude attempts in so unbecoming a place: but, by way of shewing the force of her love, I might pass the whole night in her chamber, relying,

lying, as she did, on my solemn protestations of eternal fidelity—provided I would, shoeless, follow her maid to the room, for fear of giving the old lady suspicion. — With what joy did I embrace Dolosetta's proposal! how fast was I approaching the goal of delight!

Scarcely believing the evidence of my senses, I softly stepped behind this conducting angel, till we reached the destined apartment; Dolosetta promising to follow as soon as, according to custom, she had deposited the several keys with her mother. — In order to spare my divinity's blushes, I hastened to bed; where, in idea, I already feasted on the most delicious banquet which the universe could produce; and which the gods, even, might envy. In less than half an hour, Dolosetta appeared; and, with seeming reluctance, proceeded to undress; imploring me, at intervals, to attribute this instance of weakness to the

114 THE STROLLING STUDENT.

sovereign influence which my many good qualities had obtained over a heart, too susceptible of tender impressions. — Tears, too, bedewed her cheeks; and frequently issued the deep sigh. All these symptoms seemed no more than the natural result of virgin reluctance: in proportion, therefore, as Dolosetta's terrors increased, did I magnify the transports of conquest, which nothing could impede or prevent, when a few moments more had elapsed.

It is fortunate for mankind that there are pleasures of imagination, to supply the want of more substantial enjoyments. It was perhaps fortunate for me, who at this moment conceived greater bliss than any frail mortal could taste, supposing that no evil Genius had stepped in between. As I stretched out my arms to receive Dolosetta, and was placing her divinely-formed bosom to mine; as the prelude began, which I had
pur-

purchased so dearly; an uproar was heard on the stairs! — Dolosetta, panic-struck, and alarmingly frightened, sprung up with such violent haste, that she overturned all the tables and chairs in her way, and involved me in darkness; while the bustle below, seemed to move in a higher direction. ‘I am lost—

‘Oh! undone! — for ever undone!’ exclaimed Dolosetta. ‘’Tis the voice

‘of my mother, enraged! — For certain,

‘Sufannah — What a traiterous huf-

‘fy! — has told her the whole! —

‘Hark! the coachman is with them! —

‘Fly, my dear Florimond, fly, for your

‘own sake and mine: for all our men-

‘servants are provided with arms; and

‘my mother is rash and revengeful.—

‘Escape at the window; ’tis scarcely

‘ten feet from the ground.’

Recollecting the fate of an old college friend, who, being detected by an angry clown, in the act of *crim. con.*

with his wife, braved the storm, and was hewed to the ground by a hatchet; I resolved to decamp, for fear of a similar accident. But no one article of my cloaths were at hand. Dolosetta had, in her fright, thrown all topsy-turvy; and, at every step, I wounded my shins with the fallen utensils, in a fruitless research. I must own, that the room was as dark as a Greenlander's cave in the winter; which, added to my great expedition, was the reason, perhaps, that I missed what I zealously laboured to find. *Perhaps* Dolosetta harboured no piratical designs on my pocket! — Be that as it may, I deemed it adviseable to march to the window in buff, on hearing several violent thumps at the door, with a cry of ‘Dolosetta! — Dolosetta!’ ‘come out! — There are *robbers* again’ ‘broke into the house! — But they shall not escape as before!’ — ‘For God’s sake, be quick, my dear Florimond!’ cried Dolosetta, in a tremulous whisper.

‘They

‘ They will kill you, for certain, as mistaking your business here: and, to tell them the truth — ’ Now the thundering increased, and the cries for admission redoubled; while Dolosetta rattled the key, and declared she was coming in all possible haste. I therefore grasped a lamp-iron, and thus launched myself into the air: but my head became giddy; and, computing that it was at least five feet from the cursed rough pavement, I could not immediately summon the courage to fall.

While I thus hung between heaven and earth, some one opened a window above, and poured on me buckets of the most *sweet-scented* water, prepared, I should think, for the purpose. This *cold* salutation, with a cry of, ‘ Thieves! Thieves!’ brought me plump on the ground; and, in spite of the consequent bruises, and my Adam-like plight, I ran off like a hare when pursued by the hounds.

hounds. But, alas! having several long streets to pass through, a crowd gathered round me, ere I came to my lodgings. Unhappily, too, the family were all fast asleep: but my cries, and the laughter of those who attended me, presently brought the good woman below; who, knowing my voice, ventured to open the door. — My good hostess, having provided a light, gave tokens of utter surprise on observing me enter, ~~saw~~ every thing save the wreck of a fine ruffled shirt, which by no means concealed what 'tis shameful to shew. — While she therefore again turned the key, I shrunk off to my room; and, having repaired the preceding disasters, and anointed the wounds on my skin, I went, discontented, to bed; eased, however, of the usual vexation, from amorous visions.

Chagrined to the soul, I kept close a whole week; refusing to see, or be seen.

seen. Dolosetta, meanwhile, sent me a letter of tender condolence; and added, that she luckily hid my apparel, between the bed-cloaths, as her mother was searching about. That the whole had passed off for another attempt to plunder the house. ~~That~~ she had falsely suspected Susannah: her mother having *dreamt* that the house was rifling, at that unfortunate moment. In conclusion, Dolosetta requested to see me again; as preparations were making for the Groningen journey; and that, in the ~~most~~ *entirely* free from so watchful a parent. — I, however, conceiving Dolosetta a jilt, and her *mother* an interested confederate, resolved to recede from this dangerous connexion, notwithstanding the sums I had lavished; exclusive of a fine gold repeater, and a purse full of ducats, which lay with the suit in Dolosetta's possession.

A few days after the receipt of this
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pocritical letter, a storm burst over my head, which hurled me, like another Icarus, from the pinnacle of splendour and affluence, into the fell shades of poverty and disgrace. While reveling, as before, in the vortex of sensuality; while 'entwining the myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine;' I received tidings from Germany of my father's decease; which was quickly followed by a letter from my indulgent mother, who pathetically deplored this heavy calamity: for, exclusive of having lost an ~~affectionate~~ ~~son~~ ~~and~~ ~~modest~~ ~~son~~ had seized on all the property that remained; and this was insufficient to defray one-half their demands. My mother added, that she was left in the greatest distress; and that her future reliance was wholly on *me*! for she rested securely on the repeated assurances I had given her, of being qualified as a Medicine-Doctor, or an Advocate, no matter which. The sooner I therefore returned home,

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the better, in order to put my great talents in practice, as the yearly expence of my learning had exhausted the family resources, and plunged my father in debt.

Hitherto I had been a stranger to any serious misfortune: all that befel me, in the regions of voluptuousness, quickly gave way to the specifics of wine, and of women. But this was a calamity which nothing could cure, but the point of my sword, or a pistol. From such a desperate measure, I was however withheld, by the great affection which I bore to my mother, whose bosom I would not agitate in so cruel a manner. Although I was totally unqualified to exercise either of the liberal professions before-mentioned, I still hoped to devise some other means of supporting my worthy parent, could the necessary cash be obtained, to enable me to return home. For this purpose, I repaired to one of my

my countrymen, a jolly companion, and begged the loan of a trifling sum, having been disappointed in the receipt of a large remittance, in consequence of my father's sudden decease; and suspecting foul play, I had determined to assert my inheritable rights in person: but the moment I arrived, he might rely on my dispatching him a bill of exchange, in full payment. To my utter astonishment, he indulged in a risible fit, the moment I ended. 'My dear friend,' answered he, 'you may make yourself perfectly calm on the score of inheritance; for that is already apportioned! — But the suspicions which you entertain of *foul* play, are not wholly unfounded; as your father has completely bamboozled the world, and left behind scarce enough to defray the one-tenth of his debts. — If I possessed a superfluity of cash, you could never repay me; and as I am straitened myself, 'tis impossible to lend. — Besides,

' I at

‘ I at present have letters of importance
 ‘ to write; and therefore request, that
 ‘ you will not molest me.’

Having said this, he bluntly walked out of the room; moved by kindness, no doubt, for his valued acquaintance, whom he was loth to kick over the stairs. I was grieved and enraged at this insolent usage; and would fain have given the coxcomb a challenge: but a lightness of purse greatly weakened my courage. I therefore slunk off with a sorrowful visage; and repaired to another young gentleman, with whom I had drank many dozens of Rhenish. To him I made a similar request; and received the like consolation. He began, indeed, in a more round-about way; and ended with a cutting denial. On this, I ventured to take a review of the past; alleging I had often franked him at the stews and the tavern to a larger amount than what I at that time desired, as a

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debt

debt which would be punctually paid in a very few days. This reproach by no means produced its intended effect. My old friend flew into a violent rage; exclaiming — ‘What induced you to be so wondrous free? — For my part, I partook of your wine, from motives of charity; conceiving that your purse was exhaustless, and too heavy to carry about. — Perdition seize the favours you boast of! — Have I not sustained the most sensible loss, by wasting my time with a fool?’

‘Thou ingrate!’ replied I, ‘to take this advantage of a gentleman in temporary distress! — While I cleared the general accounts, no words could exhibit the force of your friendship. Flotimond, then, was a wit, a nobleman, a choice spirit, by G..! — Now a fool, to be scorned at by knaves and impostors!’ This, however, was insolence not to be borne; for my convivial

vivial old friend declared, if I did not walk gently away, he would shew me the end of the stairs in a trice. Enraged at this illiberal menace, I for a moment lost sight of my abject condition, and drew on the villainous traitor, who, screaming aloud, brought the man of the house to his aid. This fellow, observing his lodger in imminent danger, seized a strong oaken towel, and broke, at one blow, my weapon in twain; when the scholar gave me several violent kicks on the breech, with which I retreated, in a paroxysm of choler, approaching to fury.

The prospect before me, at length cooled my angry conceptions; when I summoned resolution to petition another nocturnal associate. But he, instead of cash, gave me wholesome advice; observing, 'twas a judgment from heaven on my abandoned pursuits; and intended to warn me in future. That, therefore,

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he dared not impede the Almighty's designs, by shewing the smallest compassion on such a visible object of wrath!

Now did I experience, when too late, the fallacy of relying on bottle companions; and, in a sober point of view, they were, perhaps, less culpable than myself. Now understood I, perfectly, the signification of an old German saying:

Friends in foul weather.

Fifty together!

And the following quotation from Ovid:

Demum eris felix, multos numerabis amicos;

Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.

While Fortune smiles, a thousand friends flock round:

But, frowns it, not a single one is found.

All the succeeding attempts which I made, ending likewise in smoke, I

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resolved, as the final resource, to soothe Dolosetta, with a view of recovering my cloaths, and the purse and the watch: for a delicate lady, I thought, would never examine, much less touch, the contents of the breeches! I therefore dispatched her a letter full of tender expressions; affected to digest all she said on a former occasion; and hinted, that I shortly intended a visit, to give her a *proof* of my unabated affection, in the form of a *jewel*; when I hoped to receive my apparel, and so-forth.

Nourishing this faint glimmer of hope, I expended, at least, one-half of my cash which remained, to purchase this *dear-one* a bauble, that the jilt might suppose me still blind to her views.— Thus furnished, I paid Dolosetta a visit, who received me in a transport of love. It was clear, that the news of my fall had not yet reached her delicate organs. She gently reproached me for being so

strange: for my absence had plunged her in a gulf of despair! I played the gallant with a sorrowful heart; though my words were as tender as ever. But Dolosetta perceived my internal chagrin; and kindly imputing the cause to our past disappointment, informed me, that now there was no such disaster to fear, her mother being many leagues thence. As to my property, that was safe in her trunk; but having unluckily misplaced the key, I must wait till the next opportunity. That evening she expected a party of troublesome relations: but the following night she would heal all my wounds. Left, however, Susannah should hereafter betray her, I must wait till the hour of twelve; when she would privately grant me admittance. Dolosetta withheld this proposal, till after I had made her the present; or I never had kept the appointment. But my measure of grief was not filled: the preceding disgrace and vexation was merely a pre-

a prelude to more serious misfortunes. The hopes of obtaining my purse, chased away all immediate despair; and induced me to attempt this nocturnal adventure. — Dolosetta by no means proved false to her word: in silence, she waited my arrival, and conducted me up stairs in the dark, having risen from bed, to blind her Susannah the better; who had orders to carry home my apparel very soon the next morning, that I might the more safely depart in her absence.

At length, blessed in the arms of this beautiful maid, I forgot my false friends; and the darkening clouds seemed to change into glorious sun-shine. I discarded my former suspicions, as false and ungrounded: Dolosetta was the heiress I had always surmised. So sanguine are frail human hopes on the brink of despair! — What a charming idea, to render my angel *prolytic*! 'twould increase her regard, and destroy the old lady's ob-

objections. Impelled by these motives, I wasted the whole night in amorous dalliance; breathing all the sweet words which a lover could think on, or feign. But a gentle, Hush! Hush! was all I obtained in reply. — Good God! what a sight met my eyes in the morning! How I flew, in disgust, out of bed! — I saw, in my arms, not Dolofetta, but a *sawny*, who had served in the house as a scullion; as ugly as the picture of sin; a sovereign antidote to love or desire: for her face bore the marks of many a previous disaster. ‘How came you here, in the name of the Devil?’ cried I. ‘Where is Dolofetta? Tell me this instant; or prepare for your end!’ ‘Lord, Sir,’ she snuffled, almost unintelligibly, ‘Madam Dolofetta went off for Groningen two hours ago. She only came here to lie-in, with the hope of deceiving her friends. This house and furniture were engaged for three months; and I am ordered to
‘give

' give up the keys. Last night, Ma-
 ' dam said, as how she wanted to play
 ' the fool with a *beau* ; and gave me
 ' a present, to go to-bed in her place,
 ' while she slipped away at that middle
 ' door, which stood open on purpose.
 ' Madam charged me to cry nothing but
 ' Hush ! saying 'twas a good-natured
 ' *fop*, who would laugh at the frolic,
 ' and perhaps give me something beside.
 ' She's a very great lady, I think ; as
 ' a gentleman often came here in his
 ' coach, to pay her a visit. — So, Sir, I
 ' can tell you no more.'

The sight of this vixen impressed
 me with horror : but her snuffing tone,
 for want of a nose and a palate ; to say
 nothing of the *agreeable* news she con-
 veyed—with the thoughts, too, of what
 had so *tenderly* passed—altogether hurl-
 ed my soul to the depth of perdition.
 The bite of a mad-dog had been heaven
 to this ! Frantic, foaming, I hastened
 away.

away from a gulf which had swallowed my cash and my happiness up; and, in hopes to get cool in the air, took a walk by the side of a stream. The story accorded too well with Dolosetta's artful precautions, to doubt of its truth. I again saw my folly, in a full point of view; every moment's reflection sent a pang to my heart. 'Twas, however, in vain to look wild; prance about, like a war-horse enraged; or to thump on my forehead, for ease. The facts still continued the same. At length, therefore, I returned somewhat calm to my lodgings; where, I found, that a bundle had just been delivered, directed 'To Florimond!' which the messenger begged permission to place in my room, as containing a deposit of value. Elated, I nimbly ascended the stairs, to feast on a sight of this fortunate treasure. It must be, for certain, my gold-watch, and ducats, secured in the apparel, which Dolosetta had promised to send! Or,
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perhaps, some one of my old merry friends, in a fit of repentance, was about to surprise me with more than the sum I had asked! Fortune, surely, thought I, never *meant* me so much serious evil!

This treasure, however, plunged me deeper in grief: 'twas an *infant* wrapped up in my cloaths! the *fruit* of Dolosetta's amour. It lustily cried, on regaining a portion of air; and the noise brought my landlady up, involved in no little surprise. It was *music* to me that resembled the howls of the damned. In spite of all I could say, the good woman declared, that the babe was my own: she could see papa's mouth, and his eyes and his chin: what a beautiful creature! Young gentlemen played often these tricks, *to be sure!* but the females were mostly in fault. She would send for a nurse, *that* she would; and, at times, see herself that the sweet little innocent came to no harm. I opposed no objection:

jection: for how could I better dispose of the brat! — While, therefore, she took it below with this pious intention, I greedily dived in the several pockets: but my watch and my purse were travelling fast towards Groningen, under guard of the jilt Dolofetta.

As curses could nothing avail; as possessing neither friend nor resources; I conceived it high time to decamp. To accelerate this design, I privately conveyed all my splendid attire, fine gold-laced waistcoats, ruffled shirts, with a long list of *et ceteras*, to a pawnbroker's shop. Alas! books I had none: it had been too tedious to think, much more read; and what author could improve my ideas! — Without trouble, I again stored my purse; damned the *loss* which resulted, as a trifle, when compared to my wants; and, undisturbed, left a series of trouble behind. I travelled through Brabant and Flanders; and

and from thence entered France; directing my route towards Paris. 'Ere I came to this populous city, certain *signs* put me painfully in mind of the Leyden amour. It served as an additional memento of Dolofetta's regard; as an inconceivable *warm* proof of her love and affection! In Paris I therefore applied to an eminent surgeon, for relief from this new kind of torment: but the expence brought my means to a gradual decline; insomuch that, after seeking in vain for employment, necessity, pressing necessity, compelled me to set off on foot, for the house of my mother. By the way, notwithstanding this humble precaution, I was chafed, and impeded, by Hunger! How I longed for those crusts which, a few months before, I had thrown to my hounds! But, as the poet says, *Tum demum hominea, nostra intelligimus bona, quum qua in potestate habuimus, ea amisimus*: we can estimate happiness when it is lost.

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After travelling several days in this hopeless condition; after having exhausted the whole of my scanty supply; I fell down, quite fatigued, at the foot of a tree; and heartily lamented the dread rigour of fate. I never intended to rise; resolving to wait till stern Death came to drive the terrors of hunger away. I *fed* on these sorrowful thoughts a whole day and a night; when, early the following morn, a fat priest, in his waggon, came by. Seeing a fellow-mortal thus extended at length, he asked Who I was? and, my business? I answered, An unfortunate Student, distressed by a link of unhappy events. To avoid being thought an impostor, I addressed him in Latin, and concealed not my ultimate aim, to expire where I lay. The Parson, however, spoke the language of comfort and hope; proposing to take me in pay, on condition I would manage his domestic affairs. The office of steward to an opulent vicar, possessed irresistible charms;

charms; which produced a quick revolution of thought. I cheerfully closed with these *seasonable* terms, as the winter was hastening on; and, creeping aloft in the waggon, took a joyful farewell of the cold chilling sod where I purposed to end all my toil.

When we came to the parsonage-house — this benevolent divine gave me orders to light him a fire! — Supposing his domestics to be elsewhere employed for the present, I consented to make an attempt, however unfit for this servile employment. My own *fire* was nearly extinguished, 'tis true; or the Parson might have blown to his fingers, till the day of redemption, for me. I expected quite another-guest welcome; at least, a recruit of the animal spirits, having previously spoke, in plain terms, of my hungry stomach. Then, again, I conceived, that the Parson was loth to ~~partake~~ in the cold; which idea inspired

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mind with additional courage. When, however, the pitiful task was performed, my new master placed two chairs for himself and his *steward*; supposing, he said, that the bleak northern wind had severely affected my limbs, by so long an exposure. But no sign of the cook-maid appeared! Quite the contrary.—He commenced a narrow enquiry into my past life and adventures, proceeding from the earliest years, till the time of our meeting. To every question, I answered in brief, having a strong inclination to satisfy more important *demands*.—Two hours passed away in this painful suspense; when I ventured to say, that my appetite mightily craved, having fasted so long in the air: that my tongue was unequal to the function of speech; and my spirits were alarmingly faint. If, therefore, he pleased to remove my disorder, I would greatly enlarge on the foregoing facts. ‘Yes,’ my son,’ answered he, in a good-humour-

moured tone, ‘ that I will, with infinite
 ‘ pleasure. — It had quite slipped my
 ‘ thoughts, I declare.’ The Parson a-
 rose, and walked slowly along, as if count-
 ing the number of strides to his larder;
 or considering, perhaps, whether roast-
 meat or boiled, would easiest lie on the
 stomach of a mortal half famished. At
 length, he entered a closet at the furthest
 extent of the room; where, remaining a
 considerable time, I supposed the good
 man was collecting all his dainties toge-
 ther. No joy could surpass what I felt,
 in the hope of a plentiful meal; and my
 eyes stood immoveably fixed on the door.
 What, then, my surprise, on observing
 the Parson come forth, with a thin piece
 of bread in his hand, and some fragments
 of maggoty cheese in a paper! which he
 gravely presented; considering its value
 far beyond computation. ‘ See there,
 ‘ my son!’ cried he, ‘ eat away; giv-
 ‘ ing God all your thanks for his mani-
 ‘ fold mercies!’

I perceived, to my sorrow, that the prospect of good winter's lodging, wore a doubtful appearance. The Priest wildly stared, at the sudden dispatch of his *liberal* donation; and exclaimed—
 ‘On my conscience, young man, you have an excellent stomach! I would give twenty crowns, for a paunch so capacious as your’s.’ ‘My good Domini Pater,’ I replied, ‘a long fast, such as mine, would produce the same symptoms of hunger; and give you a wonderful relish. I could now eat a shoulder of mutton, without onion-sauce.’ The Parson, however, would not guess at my meaning; and artfully begun quite a different discourse. So I fed on the joys of a plentiful supper; resolving, when that fortunate moment arrived, to make up all the former deficiencies. As the evening drew on, I impatiently longed to see the maid’s operations commence: but I longed and expected in vain; for the frugal divine kept

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no such expensive domestic! Still I *hoped*, till the Parson cleared the mystery up. ‘Florimond,’ said he, ‘it is my ‘invariable custom not to eat heavy suppers. The smallest morsel is pernicious to health; which I learnt by the ‘saddest experience: and, having an uncommon regard for your welfare, let me beg you to follow this praise-worthy example. Though grievous, ‘perhaps, at the first, you will find it ‘an ultimate blessing!’

What heart-cheering advice for a wretch on the brink of starvation! What a specimen this of my patron’s unbounded regard for his *son’s* future welfare! — My stomach severely condemned, what the doctor so highly approved: but I deemed it imprudent to oppose the wise maxims of age and experience; especially as, observing the doubts on my mind, he enforced his preceding remarks: A superfluity of food, gave birth to a
train

train of diseases, which frequently ended in premature death; while abstinence never failed to dispense us long life, and the briskness and vigour of youth. — Having *convinced* me that eating at night was a dangerous custom, the good man led the way to my room; for no other human creature belonged to his house. The bed, too, as the board, was fashioned with a reference to health and long life; being free from the luxury of feathers. I passed the long night in agonies quite surpassing description; reviewing the past, and deploring the present and future. Sleep denied me a minute's refreshment.

When day-light appeared, the Parson called me lustily up; saying, my duty consisted in all kinds of family work! The house must be scowered, logs of wood be cut smaller, water fetched from the brook, and the horse be also provided with litter and hay: *when* cooking inter-
vened,

vened, he would cheerfully share in the toil; to guard me, no doubt, from the lures of temptation. — These were terrific conditions, it is true: but what was the opposite prospect; without money, scarcely cloaths; and a boisterous season approaching! I therefore resolved to sing small for the present, having already experienced the dread changes of Fortune; who might yet have weightier evils in store, if I rashly confided my bark to its guidance.

Still tormented with hunger, although blessed with unceasing employment, I at length devised means to outwit the divine. I discovered, after many unavailing researches, that he hid his provision in an old rotten chest, secured by a lock, which the rust had in good part consumed; and making a trial, one day, as the Parson was busy at church, the cover started up at command. I, however, took toll, in a politic way, of
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the bread and the cheese, much after the fashion of mice; and, to throw the whole blame on these industrious vermin, made some holes in the side of the chest, which time, and the worms, had impaired. My good master, who kept an account of each crum, saw at once this uncivil intrusion; and discharged a loud volley of oaths on these four-footed fiends, heartily praying that the Devil would destroy the whole race, for molesting his store.—Poor erring mortal! no mouse had invaded these boundaries for many years past; where the pleasures of *smelling* might be sought for in vain. To disappoint them in future, he ingeniously stopped up the several inlets with pieces of wood; but his labours by day were rendered abortive at night, and when he went out on official occasions. A double advantage resulted to me, from this petty contrivance: for I received all the parts that were nibbled, independant of my accustomed allowance; which

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produced *food* for laughter besides! — By eternally stopping, the chest, at length, became wholly transformed: the worm-eaten materials scarcely supported the long list of pegs which were ranged in irregular rows. Mouse-traps, too, had been constantly placed all around: but the rogues never made their appearance. It was strange, nay, surpassing belief, the preacher declared, in a fury of passion. It could not be mice, he surmised; but some venomous reptile, whose slippery body defied all his well-planned precautions. This suggestion increased the old doctor's abhorrence; while it rendered my perquisites greater. However, when several weeks had elapsed, and no sign of forbearance appeared, he resolved to prevent these offensive attacks, by opposing a new oaken chest to the strength of his desperate foes. These were death sounds to me; who derived more than half my support, from the scraps which the mice and the snakes had infected.

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But I dared not oppose an objection.—
 The pangs of hunger again plunged me
 deep in distress; and set busy invention
 afloat. A friend of the Parson's, one
 day, dispatched him a turkey; on which
 having dined, without once adverting
 to me, he carried the remains to his
 impregnable chest, regardless of my
 pitiful looks and my sighs. This same
 evening, the Priest was required to attend
 a sick person, who lay dangerously ill in
 the neighbouring village; when his ab-
 sence increasing those wistful desires
 which the scent of the turkey had raised,
 I consulted how best to convert the said
 dish to my separate use. By the help
 of an axe, I hewed the strong cover in pie-
 ces; eat my fill of the precious contents;
 and took off what remained for a future oc-
 casion.

I could by no means consent to ac-
 knowledge this crime; for the Parson
 would rather have forgiven an attempt
 on

on his life than his cupboard. I therefore opened a vein; and besmearing my face and my shirt with the blood, proceeded to demolish the back-door of our castle; after which I ran out in the neighbouring church-yard, crying, Murder! Help! help! This noise brought a crowd of sturdy assistants from every quarter; for each one called his next-door acquaintance to join, by declaring that the parsonage-house was in flames! — I devised a pathetic tale of the previous misfortune; ascribed the loss of my master's provision to the robber's revenge, as supposing that his money and plate lay concealed in the strong oaken chest; and, on my refusing to give this dread villain a clue to the gold, he had beaten and left me for dead. A grave consultation ensued between this assembly of wise-heads: and the final result was, to send for the Parson. — A pursuit of the thief might prove fatal, by meeting, perhaps, with his desperate

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companions, who were doubtless provided with means to make a bloody resistance!

The Priest hurried home, on receiving the mournful intelligence; when I repeated a regular detail of what had occurred in his absence; paying little attention, however, to facts. He affected to lament my unfortunate share of the fray; and, by way of encouragement, gave me a spoonful of weak wine and water! The two following days I kept closely in bed, that effects might accord with the cause given out; and, having the fruits of my labour at hand, it proved, on the whole, an agreeable illness.

This magical form of existence, must of course have a quick termination. I saw, that my master grew more frugal than ever, in order to recover the extravagant sums which the previous misfortunes had cost; and, however slender my

my original allowance, it was affluence, compared to the present. When three months had expired, the Parson paid the wages agreed on; which, though unequal to an hour's expences at college, renewed my desire of travelling onward to Germany. Taking, therefore, French leave of the vicar, I once more left my future disposal to fate. Fortune smiled a few days, till my cash became wholly exhausted; when the rigours of hunger returned with additional force. But, resolving no more to despair, while the least visible prospect appeared, I knocked at the gate of a farmer, and prayed he would take me in pay. To my very great joy he consented, being, at that critical moment, in want of — a Thresher! He led me direct to a barn; where the clowns were busy at work. After many an awkward attempt, notwithstanding the grins of my rustic companions, to whose cutting remarks I opposed a deaf ear, the farmer came in, attracted by number-

less peals of loud laughter. My delicate hands were, in some part, the cause of that boisterous mirth, which prevailed. He, chagrined at having made such a fruitless engagement, called his dogs to chase me away. However, I nimbly avoided these shocking effects of his wrath, by flying over every obstruction, till I gained the highway.

Towards evening, I entered a small inn on the road; and, though penniless, called for a moderate portion of wine, which my tears, that incessantly flowed, rendered larger. . . . While I thus sat in agony, carefully sipping, to postpone the dread moment of payment, a party of *rag-tag* and *bob-tail* came in, whose avowed profession was begging. They instantly opened their several wallets, and produced an abundant collection of family scraps, which the landlady bought for her chicken and swine! — How I envied these happier brutes, who knew not the

the semblance of mortal distress, nor the pangs of a day's disappointment;—Meanwhile, the *squadron* sat very tranquilly down to a ham and a fillet of veal, which the host had provided. Wine flew about, when the cloth was removed; and the song and the dance commenced shortly after. My pensive deportment attracted their notice at last; when they asked me the cause of my sorrow?—This I briefly ascribed to a lowness of pocket; concealing my past expectations. Supposing, from what I had dropped, that one evil was nearly allied to another, they commanded the host to produce what remained of the ham and the veal; on which I voraciously feasted.—What a fortunate meeting was this, for a wretch in my pining condition! 'twas like balm to a rankling wound, that suspends the acutest of pain.

In this travelling company, was a blind-man, who played on the fiddle;

and happening, then, to stand in need of a *leader*, he requested to know if I would fill up the vacancy, on receiving a weekly reward, independant of plenty to eat and to drink?—Involved in such imminent 'perils; pressed by wants, of no common description; I willingly closed with his terms; in the hope, that some other event would occur, to raise me a step or two higher. The whole band wished me *joy*; and the fiddler extended his hand, as a seal to this verbal agreement; while *success* was invoked in many a heart-cheering bumper.

Next morning, the party dispersed; having settled their different routes, and appointed time and place for another grand meeting. The fiddler managed matters in an admirable way: when his musical powers lost the force of their charms, he delivered the most piercing orations.—Need I paint the chagrin and the shame which

which covered my face with dismay and confusion, as I led this blind beggar about!—Now the terrors of want were in good part removed, this vile occupation, proved a source of eternal disquiet. I dreaded, lest some former acquaintance should recognise Florimond, in his abject condition. These were thoughts ten times worse than the positive evil. A common Soldier had been infinitely better, no doubt : but happy Europe enjoyed then the blessings of peace: the husbandman reaped, undisturbed, all the fruits of his labour.

When two weary months had thus passed, travelling still on the confines of France, I started, one day, at the sudden discharge of a pistol; and, lifting my eyes to discover the cause, saw a damsel, in apparent distress, right before us.—Near this spot, cross-roads intervening, I led the blind beggar astray, and ran hastily off from my master and office together,

gether, in the hope of assisting this sorrowful stranger. Perhaps, too, suffering herself, she might kindly take pity on me! — I approached the fair maid in a zig-zag direction, with a view, unperceived, to discover the cause of her grief. By creeping along in a ditch, as I came somewhat nearer, I obtained a full sight of this disconsolate female, whose beauty surpassed all my previous conjectures. Her eyes were devoutly extended towards heaven; and a pistol was placed to her breast, which she endeavoured to discharge, after uttering a prayer; but it luckily took no effect. The lady, displeased, threw it strait on the ground, exclaiming—‘ Why refus’st thou to end my unparalleled woes? ‘ Why prolong, for a few minutes longer, ‘ my incurable ills?’ She again caught it up, and prepared for another attempt; when I quickly sprung forward, and arrested her arm, crying, ‘ Heavenly ‘ maid! whence arise these soul-freezing ‘ thoughts?

' thoughts? Let me entreat you to
 ' recede from this fatal design!' She
 piteously shrieked, at the un-looked for
 intrusion; and, regardless of the com-
 fort I meant to convey, this fair-one re-
 plied, in a transport of rage, ' Traitor!
 ' why deny me this last trifling favour!
 ' For, since I must die, why refuse me
 ' the pleasure of destroying myself?—
 ' But, no! it's a needless contention:
 ' here's my breast!' which she tore
 wildly open; ' pierce it through with
 ' your murderous weapon! Imbrue those
 ' merciless hands in my blood. Press
 ' it out from every vein, till your savage
 ' desires are sated!' 'It is not my in-
 ' tention,' said I, ' to offer even the
 ' slightest affront: but, rather, to defend
 ' you from harm.' These words re-
 moving her first apprehensions, she re-
 plied in a gentler tone, ' Ah! I mistook
 ' in your person. But forgive me,
 ' whoever you are; and molest not my
 ' soul's settled purpose: for it would
 ' doubly

‘ doubly increase my last pangs, to die
 ‘ by the hand of him that pursues me ;
 ‘ who, not content with despoiling my
 ‘ fame, seeks to rob me of life!’ —
 ‘ Where is the unprincipled villain,
 ‘ dear Madam ?’ said I, ‘ who would
 ‘ thus undertake such a lawless design ?’
 — ‘ He rides around yonder neigh-
 ‘ bouring wood,’ answered she, ‘ in
 ‘ pursuit of his prey. So far, I have
 ‘ baffled his murderous views. But,
 ‘ as I cannot much longer elude this de-
 ‘ ceiver’s researches, I would fain dis-
 ‘ appoint his inhuman desires: for life,
 ‘ without honour, is of small estimation.’

As the fair stranger ceased, she most
 grievously cried: I feared, she would
 wholly dissolve into tears, that flowed
 on her red-and-white cheeks like a foun-
 tain gushing out on the lilies and roses.
 It seemed as if Love had artfully poison-
 ed each bubbling drop, that I might in-
 hale the infection: for this high-finished
 picture

picture of sorrow filled my heart with sensations which no amorous allurements could excite. I was sorely distressed, and the lady before me unfortunate. — She might, therefore, be moved to compassion, I hoped, when the present alarm had subsided: to accelerate which, I offered to become her protector and guide, although it should cost all the blood in my veins, if she chose to resume her purposed journey. After much opposition, I obtained her reluctant consent; and, helping the fair on her horse, which stood grazing by, she followed my footsteps, divested, in part, of her dread apprehensions. As we passed, I gave this suffering angel a sketch of my previous misfortunes, not concealing my family or name; and when she heard, how cruelly Fortune had changed; that accident, *merely*, had occasioned my fall; her former reserve disappeared. She, at least, thought me fully entitled to a detail of her moving adventures.

STORY

STORY OF LIEFMUNT.

I Am the only daughter of a nobleman of Frankenland. But I already err: rather let me say, I was once that darling child; for unpardonable indiscretions have robbed me of the tender appellation. Fortune and happiness attended me; no young lady could enjoy a greater portion of terrene satisfaction, or delight in more auspicious prospects.

Not far from my father's mansion, lived a rich nobleman, who was connected to our family by the ties of friendship and of marriage. He had an only son, who was destined to inherit all his parent's vast possessions. By reason of the great intimacy which subsisted between the two families, I became acquainted with this youth from the first dawn

dawn of reason; and, being nearly of the same age, and of equal rank and condition, we became inseparable play-mates. From this intercourse arose a similarity of inclinations; juvenile friendship; and, finally, a burning affection, before either of us knew that it was love. This reciprocal flame increased with our increasing years; where one was, there came the other also: in absence, the greatest pleasures lost their usual allurements. Both possessed the same will, the same desires, and the same inclinations: what one approved, the other commended. What Trouhart disliked, Liefmunt disliked also. The joy and the grief of the one, was the joy and the grief of the other. In short, it seemed as if one soul, one heart, and one mind, dwelt in two distinct bodies. Our parents perceived this growing passion with infinite delight; and destined us for each other at an early period.

P

We

We lived thus, in the most perfect harmony, till Trouhart, having reached his eighteenth year, was sent to travel in foreign countries. The agony of this separation, let those conceive who have experienced what it is to part from a faithful lover. Trouhart, labouring to conceal his own emotion, strove to comfort me, by promising a speedy return. These hopes were inadequate to fortify my mind against so painful a shock. I fell dangerously ill; and long, long, did I resemble a shadow. Time, however, and the cheering consolations of our respective friends, effaced that pale grief which had rendered me a pitiable object; and enabled me to bear, with more fortitude, this cruel separation.

Does it not almost exceed belief, that my love for Trouhart, which I had imbibed, as it were, with my mother's milk; which had been rooted from infancy, and matured as I grew; is it not
won-

wonderful, that such a passion should at once degenerate! So fickle is the female heart!—So unequal is youth and inexperience to the seductive views of that arch deceiver, man!

When my dear Trouhart had been absent somewhat more than a year, during which time an unceasing correspondence had been held between us, I was invited to the wedding of a near relation; where, among the guests, was a French gentleman, descended from noble ancestors, and whose family then possessed considerable influence. In person, he was handsome and attractive; which, added to the politest accomplishments, rendered him a great favourite among the ladies. It was my misfortune to dance with this wicked deceiver, who understood the art of flattery to perfection. So highly did he exalt my charms, so seemingly disinterested did he speak, that I could not view him with the eyes

of disgust: too fatally, the opposite sentiments prevailed. But this partiality did not exceed the bounds of honour, which I was determined, fully determined, not to over-step: I did not once harbour a thought of becoming false to my Trouhart.

Kuridelus, perceiving that I was not displeased at his gallant assiduities, made me a tender declaration of love the same evening. But I gave him not the smallest encouragement; declaring, that my hand had been long promised to another. — Kuridelus was not intimidated by the coolness of this reception: no! from that moment he sought all opportunities of renewing his perfidious pretensions: for which purpose, he artfully ingratiated himself into my father's esteem, with a view of obtaining more easy access to the object of his lustful desires. This artifice, however, failed of its intended effect; for I always absented myself on such

such occasions, under a pretence of indisposition; fearing, in short, the extent of my own resolutions: for, though I could not, on any account, think of breaking my engagements with Trouhart, I still felt a prepossession in favour of Kuridelus; who, seeing his every attempt baffled in the manner before-mentioned, resorted to a more efficacious expedient. He insinuated himself into the good graces of my attendant, whom he not only loaded with valuable presents, but also agreed to settle on her a considerable annual allowance, after his *marriage* with me should take place.

Conceiving the intentions of Kuridelus to be strictly honourable, the young woman, seduced by the influence of gold, and the plausibility of appearances, continually assailed my ears with the praises of her cunning instructor. Being, at that time, unconscious of the interested motives which actuated my treacherous

confidant, I innocently imparted the undisguised sentiments of a heart which knew not, nor suspected, guile. Kuridelus, who received a detail of our several conversations, at length conveyed me a letter, by means of his confederate. I, however, tore it with the greatest indignation, and threw the pieces from my window; commanding the maid to forbear in future, on pain of my eternal displeasure. But, how irresolute are youthful minds! how fatally irresolute! — I watched an opportunity, and picked up the strayed fragments of this cursed letter, which, having connected together, I perused its whole contents. Kuridelus affectingly expatiated on the torments which he endured; depicted the violence of his love, which he represented as pure and honourable; ridiculed first prepossessions; and concluded, by declaring, that if I still turned a deaf ear to his entreaties, he would, nay he must, cease to exist. — Alas! I was ignorant of
these

these seductive arts; and foolishly imagined that Kuridelus would, in reality, destroy himself, if I obstinately persevered to refuse his addresses. What a dismal circumstance, thought I, to occasion the death of any one? But, more especially, of such a handsome, such an accomplished gentleman, who loves me so ardently!

Compassion for this faithless monster occasioned me many a sleepless night. Tormented with a thousand contending ideas, I arose each morning, as unrefreshed, as if the previous hours had been devoted to laborious exercise. I could not willingly become faithless; and, though I had been even so inclined, my parents would never recede from their share of the engagement, nor attend, for a moment, to propositions of any other nature. But, then, the rash determination of Kuridelus appeared dreadful to my view! After such an
unhappy

unhappy event, future existence would be attended by the perfection of human misery. What, alas! will become of me, thought I, if I drive a tender lover to desperation? Shall I not, virtually, be guilty of murder! —

The impression which Kuridelus had made on my unsuspecting heart, tended greatly to exaggerate the horrors of this expected calamity. A knowing worm disturbed my conscience. Trouhart's absence, weakened the violence of that affection, which I bore him; and Kuridelus appeared the more accomplished lover. But, then, Trouhart was in possession of numberless letters, which contained the most sacred protestations of eternal fidelity, unalterably signed and sealed!

While these distracting doubts, these fearful apprehensions, hung heavy on my mind, I distinguished, one morning, as I lay

lay in bed, the harmonious, but plaintive sounds of a flute under my chamber-window. It was then summer; and the sun had not yet illumined the mountain tops. I listened with attention to these moving, melancholy strains; till, tempted by fatal curiosity, I arose; and, turning my eyes to the spot where this early musician stood, beheld a beautiful young Shepherd. But he was a rustic only in dress: for the scorching sun had not burnt his face, which resembled a mixture of milk and blood. Fine ringlets of hair flowed gracefully over the shoulders of this charming swain; and so slender and white were his hands, that I could not suppose him to be any other than my lover in disguise.

The moment this fictitious shepherd perceived me at the window, his face became wholly pale; he laid the flute at his feet; and divinely warbled a pastoral song, replete with such moving complaints

plaints of his shepherds's rigour, that I could not avoid weeping; especially when I observed that the cheeks of this lamenting swain were also bedewed with tears. I entertained no doubt of the shepherds to whom he alluded; supposing that Kuridelus had assumed this character to render his last farewell the more affecting.

My parents were, at this time, from home; of which Kuridelus, doubtless, was previously informed. A sudden, but fatal, thought occurred; which was, to go below, and converse with him, as if I had not recognised the lover in the rustic. Without considering, I obeyed the first impulse of an unguarded mind. 'From whence are you?' said I. 'You see, Madam,' he answered, 'an unfortunate shepherd, strayed from the happy plains of Arcadia. There have I left my numerous herds, to view the fleecy products of this clime.—
' Here

' Here had I sojourned but a short time,
 ' ere I became enamoured of an incom-
 ' parable fair-one, whose beauty—I con-
 ' fess it cheerfully—far excels all that
 ' our Arcadian nymphs possess. Ne-
 ' ver did I before gaze on such angelic
 ' features! never did I behold, in those
 ' far-famed regions, such a semblance of
 ' divinity itself! I have forgot my na-
 ' tive country, myself, my all! for this
 ' sweet shepherdess. Yet, alas! she
 ' still is deaf to my entreaties! Heedless
 ' of my sighs! Her form is heavenly;
 ' but inflexible her heart. No favour,
 ' no animating hope, has she yet be-
 ' stowed on the faithfullest of lovers. —
 ' Deprived of this glorious constellation,
 ' I can no more exist, than human na-
 ' ture, robbed of the sun's enlivening
 ' rays. Darknefs, chilling agonies, and
 ' death, must follow. — But, ere I
 ' close my eyes upon a world that once
 ' was dear to me; ere I strike the fatal
 ' blow, which my soul's agonies can no
 ' long-

‘ longer postpone ; I call heaven to witness, that Death never before broke the chains of a more constant or deserving lover !’

I asked, the name of this cruel shepherdess, who had so powerfully captivated his affections ? ‘ Alas !’ replied he, ‘ she resides not far from hence : and I may venture to assert, that you have seen her.’ I answered, that no fair shepherdess lived near this spot, worthy of so much unabating love : for all the female rustics there were dull-souled dowdies. ‘ Ah ! let us forbear to speak thus foreign to the purpose. I see you know me, dearest Liefmunt !— Oh ! can my charmer still deny me happiness and life ?— Here will I kneel, till Pity moves her to accept my love, or Rigour to pronounce my doom !’ — It would be needless to go at length into the unavailing arguments which I adduced, to excuse myself

self from the *honour* which he intended me. I ought not to have left my apartment: then had the foul despoiler never triumphed over my youth and inexperience.— In earnest discourse, we walked forward; and, at length, reaching the extremity of the adjacent pleasure grounds, I suffered him to lead me into a shady bower. Here Kuridelus again fell at my feet, and repeated the most vehement declarations of never-ceasing fidelity; till, melted into forgetfulness, I promised him my hand. — Fatal promise! — for, the monster, under pretence of shewing his unbounded gratitude, imprinted ten thousand blissful kisses on my lips; till, having, as it were, annihilated my senses, and extinguished the powers of speech, he despoiled my virgin purity, as a ratification — so he was pleased to say — of our solemn engagements! — Loaded with self-reproaches; covered with shame and confusion; perfectly conscious of my own littleness; I re-

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turned

turned disconsolate to my chamber. How different the demeanour of Trouhart! — He, dear youth! considered the preservation of my honour as the preservation of his own.

Now had Kuridelus obtained possession of my person; now were his brutal wishes accomplished. The raging love which he had depicted, lost instantaneously its fierceness: nay, it changed into disgust; for the solemn promises, the eternal fidelity, the horrible oaths, the dreadful imprecations, were at once forgotten, when his wicked purpose had been answered. After that hellish triumph, Kuridelus no more sought my company: no! the satellite under whose influence he could alone exist, was consumed, was blotted from the heavens, by a blazing comet! He departed for France, without saying Farewel! without a line of exculpation or condolance; with no testimony of fond remembrance,
save

save a pregnant body.—My foreboding fears were realised! I now saw my former apprehensions, which I could not precisely, then, define, written in legible characters. Now saw I, when repentance could nought avail, the full extent of my indiscretions. Kuridelus, presuming on his rank and fortune, had flattered me, that he could obtain the consent of my parents to our nuptials, in spite of the existing difficulties: or, admitting that to be impossible, after the exertion of every effort, he would privately remove me to his seat in France, where the final ceremony should take place; when neither my friends, nor Trouhart, could oppose any violent, or indeed reasonable, objection.—Oh! inhuman villain! what punishment is adequate to your enormous crimes!—Who would not, knowing all the deceptions which you practised, take voluntary vengeance for my wrongs? You have called heaven to witness the purity of those

intentions that would appal a savage mind. But think you to escape?

The weakness, the unpardonable weakness of which I had been guilty, shut up all the avenues to public redress. I dared not to complain. Melancholy, rage, despair, in secret preyed upon my vitals; till, at last, the terrific news arrived, that Trouhart was returning. The effects of this unexpected shock, no pen, no tongue, can faithfully describe: no criminal, about to leave an injured world, could feel more exquisite alarm. Trouhart's mother came purposely to rejoice, and to surprise me, with these glad tidings: she gave me the letter, *looking* ambitious of her message. But the dear lady observed, at once, my evident embarrassment: I screamed, and became deadly pale: could not command my actions: nor knew to answer. — These uncommon symptoms were ascribed to *sudden* joy; for, could the
con-

contrary be supposed? Nor did I undeceive my worthy friends. Heavens! I dared not!

Revolving the horrors of *such* an interview, I determined to avoid it. But where could I seek a place of refuge? — The only and most adviseable resource was, I thought, to follow the author of my misfortunes; who, on hearing the result of what had passed between us, might be induced to realise his manifold asseverations. I therefore privately packed up my best apparel, jewels, and all the cash which I could command, and set off for the native residence of Kuridelus. — If the hangings of my apartment could speak, they would witness how sorrowfully I left that once happy asylum behind. The bed on which I lay, was inundated with my tears: and torrents of that briny current washed the floor. — To remove those doubts from the minds of Troha and

my parents, which might have been more painful than certainty itself, I left the following lines on my table:

Assail'd by arts which Villainy devis'd,
I broke that faith, which you so highly priz'd:
And, now, to expiate the foul offence,
Troughart, I fly to banishment, from hence.

I travelled expeditiously towards France, for fear of being overtaken; and luckily procured a sight of Kuridelus, ere he suspected my quality or business. The deceiver, at first, was not a little confounded at this unwelcome visit; and endeavoured to soothe my rage, by using the kindest, but, at the same time, the most unmeaning expressions. I, however, urged him vehemently to extend that honourable reparation which my wrongs, and the resulting consequences, demanded. But Kuridelus smiled at my tears, and spake no more of marriage. No! he wondered at my *simplicity*, after what had happened! — I could no longer con-

contain my righteous indignation; and reproached him with perjury and faithlessness; declaring I would persevere, till he fulfilled his solemn promises.—My arguments and entreaties produced not the smallest effect on this monster's callous heart; I was obliged to depart, sustaining a grievous load of disappointment.

Kuridelus, I understood, had lately obtained a commission, under influence of the amiable Prince C..... I therefore determined to state my melancholy case to that worthy man, seeing that no redress could be expected from the inhuman seducer. I accordingly carried my purpose into execution; and received some very flattering hopes. By this means, the relations of Kuridelus also came to a knowledge of the circumstance; and, with the Prince, severely reprobated his atrocious conduct. Kuridelus did not long remain ignorant of the measures which

which I had adopted. He became alarmed for the displeasure of his patron, and shuddered at the idea of being compelled to render me that justice which was alone adequate to my injuries. — These fears suggested to his hardened conscience the most atrocious of all expedients — Assassination! But Kuridelus, reluctant to imbrue his own hands with my blood, or fearing detection and punishment, entrusted this murderous office to a servant, in whom he placed the fullest confidence. The hired ruffian, however, possessing those bowels of compassion which his master wanted, secretly informed me of the fell design. — Alas! I could not take legal advantage of this friendly hint, without breaking a promise which I made this good domestic, who, besides, could not substantiate the fact in a court of justice, where two witnesses would be required. Flight, therefore, from this merciless persecutor, seemed to be the only obvious way

way of escaping his purposed vengeance.

Notwithstanding the precaution which I used, Kuridelus got almost instant notice of my departure, and even of the route which I had taken. What were the motives by which he was now actuated, I am utterly at a loss to determine; unless he supposed, that, having excited the compassion of his friends, I was about to implore my father's aid, in consequence of that triumph which my previous applications promised. — Impelled by these, or other considerations, Kuridelus, with the servant to whom he had entrusted his base views, pursued me, but in different directions. The latter, however, happened to overtake me: but scarcely had he imparted his master's intention, ere the sound of a horse's feet, on full gallop, assailed our ears. It was, beyond doubt, Kuridelus in search of his prey. To out-ride him
was

was utterly impossible. But as this meeting occurred by the side of a river, I furiously plunged my horse into the stream, chusing rather to die in that manner, than by the hands of such a merciless savage. Kuridelus, in the mean time, seeing that a probability existed of my reaching the other side unhurt, discharged a pistol: but the bullet whizzed over my head. The explosion frightened my poor struggling animal, and increased his exertions; insomuch, that he at length overcame the surrounding difficulties, and carried me in safety over, on the confines of a wood.

Spiritless, fatigued, and wet, I purposed to rest awhile, under the wide branches of a shady tree; conceiving that there was no longer cause for apprehension, the water being wide and deep.—What, then, my terror and surprise, on observing that Kuridelus had begun to follow me, at the imminent risk of his life!

life! — Necessity, therefore, compelled me to spur on my drooping preserver: but these exertions were of short duration; I saw clearly, it was impossible to make that expedition which was essential to my safety: I became hopeless; desperate; and resolved to rob the miscreant of the glorious satisfaction of ending that existence which was now fatally embittered, by turning the pistol to my breast, which I had provided against casual molestation. — Still does nothing appear more pleasant than the thoughts of death.—O! that the earth would open, and devour my contaminated body! With what joy should I descend the dark, unfathomable cavern!

SEQUEL

SEQUEL OF THE STUDENT'S AD-
VENTURES.

As Liefmunt made an end of this heart-rending tale, tears streamed from her eyes in large torrents. From the inmost recess of my soul, I pitied the fair-one's hard fate; weeping, too, as I strove to administer comfort. — Kuridelus having failed to appear on our side of the stream, I concluded he was gone, horse and all, to the bottom. Justice must have her established course; and, though one sinner may endure a lingering torment like mine, another goes direct to perdition.

The disorder of Liefmunt increasing, I entreated she would alight, by a fountain, which appeared then to view; whose crystalline veins rushed
plea-

pleasantly over the pebbles. I assured her, we had nothing to dread from the enemy's rage: for, as he had not passed over the stream, many hours were required to ride round about.

Lured by this enchanting retreat, Liefmunt granted my earnest petition. Having drank of the spring, her agonised spirits in some measure revived; and she used some refreshments which lay in her bundles. — When Sol began to descend in the west, we retired to a neighbouring village, where I placed this unfortunate fair in a lodging. But I passed the whole night, without closing my eyes, in contentions between love, fear, and hope. I adored the sweet creature, and would fain make her my wife: but, then, how contemptible my state, when compared to Liefmunt's birth and high rank! Besides, her wounds were yet fresh; and she thought more of dying than marriage. On the other
R hand,

hand, this poor lady had lost, what could never again be restored; a circumstance tending to level her high expectations; while love, and my abject condition, induced me to view, unconcerned, that dread phantom, called honour.

Next morning, as we travelled along, Liefmunt spoke of her future intentions; which were, to renew her petitions, by letter, to Prince C..., and to state the murderous attempt of her brutal seducer: for which purpose she would tarry at Basil, where our route was directed. ‘Admitting, dear Liefmunt,’ said I, ‘that the Prince should prevail; that Kuridelus got safely back from the river, which is strongly entitled to doubt; suppose he accepts of your hand, on the score of compulsion; can you other expect, than a scene of new woes? a refinement on all his past cruelties?’ ‘Ah!’ answered she, most grievously sighing, ‘what redress
‘here

' here on earth can I hope! Why de-
 ' lay, then, to blot out the stains which
 ' have sullied my honour?' ' That,
 ' charming Liefmunt,' said I, ' will
 ' destroy all the hopes of *hereafter*.—
 ' As yet, your offences are venial; sim-
 ' ply *weakness*. And for this would
 ' you cut off your soul's future hope?
 ' Are the mind's griefs to be eased by
 ' destroying the body? What a fatal
 ' illusion?—I have, too, suffered much
 ' by the hand of misfortune: and yet
 ' are my hopes not extinguished. Stern
 ' winter takes the leaves from the proud-
 ' est of trees, and cloaths them with ice,
 ' snow, and frost: but spring restores all
 ' these fell devastations; the havock can
 ' no longer be seen.'

By increasing the horrors of death,
 Liefmunt discovered new pleasures in
 life, notwithstanding her previous aver-
 sion. In short, I at length, won the
 fair-one's esteem; she conceived me an

innocent victim to fate; and wished it were placed in her power to remove my afflictions. From esteem and compassion, the transit is easy to love. We enlarged on the joys which result from fond, mutual affection, and gradually came to the point. — O! what raptures I felt on obtaining my Liefmunt's consent! on seeing her gloom disappear, at the prospect of being a wife! We agreed to dispose of the embryo child in a foundling hospital; and to marry at Basl. Liefmunt possessed, in money and jewels, about two thousand ducats; with which I proposed to buy a commission, provided her friends should refuse to be reconciled.

Thus exalted far beyond Fortune's frowns; happy, much above expectation; I conducted my angel, day by day, till we came within a short distance of Bern; where Liefmunt, ill at ease from her pregnant condition, proposed to remain

main till her looked for delivery occurred. — Here we lived, quite divested of sorrow: Liefmunt found in me—or she thought so at least—the perfections combined of her former two lovers. Harmless mirth marked each hour's decline; and the nights were devoted to love: for, though the church had not sanctioned our union, as yet, 'twas incumbent it should seem so in the eyes of the world, to protect my dear Liefmunt from the dangers of insult. This motive had procured me a foretaste of heavenly blisses; blisses too great for a mortal born under the influence of a planet dispensing malignity.

While we thus anticipated matrimonial delights, expecting the future reward of a constant affection, two constables, one day, led by Trouhart, rushed into the room where we tranquilly sat!—
 ‘What! faithless Liefmunt!’ cried he, in a transport of wild indignation, ‘is this
 ‘ then

‘ then the *villain* who *assailed* your sham
 ‘ honour?— Oh! is it thus you fulfil the
 ‘ solemn engagements between us, con-
 ‘ firmed with your tears as we parted?’
 This sudden occurrence, this envenomed
 reproach, deprived Liefmunt at once of
 her senses; and, without speaking a word,
 she fell off, headlong, the chair. Trou-
 hart ran to her aid, moved by pity,
 which suspended his anger awhile; and
 applied numberless means to restore the
 unfortunate fair. Pale and trembling,
 I beheld this deep tragical scene, but un-
 able to assist or condole my dear Lief-
 munt; for the guards would by no means
 permit me to stir hand or foot. After
 a long interval, she opened her fine
 eyes again; and looking mournfully at
 me, then on Trouhart, and, lastly, at her
 corpulent body, she heaved a most
 heart-rending sigh, and a second time
 fainted. They carried this agonised
 angel to bed; when the pains of labour
 succeeded: but the previous distraction
 occasion-

occasioned the deaths both of mother and infant! — When Trouhart was informed of Liefmunt's shocking end, he repented his rigorous demeanour; he forgot the sad cause of his killing resentment; he flew to the room where she lay; and, regardless of death's gloomy horrors, washed her face with the issuing tear: nor would he recede from embracing the corse of his ill-fated love, who left agony marked on her features, till compelled to retire.

Having heard, as he traced us from village to village, that we passed as husband and wife; which was further confirmed by our host on the spot; this furious young man accused me with the heinous offence of deflowering Liefmunt by force. I was therefore carried close prisoner to Bern; where Trouhart employed the best counsel to oppose my assertions. The examination was quickly dispatched: for the tale which I told, seemed

seemed the work of invention ; and, wanting both money and friends, I was hurried to prison, amidst the howls and abuse of a numerous throng, who declared that I ought to be hung up at once, as the vilest of wretches.

In this gloomy abode, having pen, ink, and paper, I at times wrote my *Life and Adventures*, that, should dame Fortune lead me guiltless to death, as seems her most earnest intention, those who knew FLORIMOND once may distinguish his crimes from this link of misfortunes ; that those, at least, who are blessed with the bowels of pity, may heave a sad sigh at his fate.

FINIS.



